ALL THE NEWS IN The Herald FIRST

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

The Herald A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE

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119TH ANNUAL

Banquet Of Federal Fire Society

HELD AT THE ROCKINGHAM LAST EVENING

Many Naval Officers Of High Rank Have Been Members

LIST OF THOSE HONORED BY ADMISSION TO THE SOCIETY

The 119th annual meeting and banquet of the Federal Fire Society was held at The Rockingham on Thursday evening. The following was the bill of fare:

Canape Lorenzo
Blue Points
Cream of Terrapin, Rockingham
Broiled Savannah Shad,
Anchovy Sauce
Cucumbers Radishes
Potatoes Parisienne
Braised Sweetbreads, Jardiniere
Creamed French String Beans
Sadde of Southdown Mutton,
Currant Jelly
Potatoes, Delmonico
Stuffed Tomatoes
Beignet Souffle, Au Sabayon
Sorbet Kirschwasser
Roast Grouse, au Cresson,
Orange Marmalade
Fried Hominy,
Potatoes German Fried
Asparagus Vinaigrette
Nesselrode Pudding Cakes Assorted
Camembert and Club Cheese
Toasted Crackers
Demi Tasse

The meeing was a pleasant one, although somewhat saddened by loving memories of the four members who have died during the last year, Andrew P. Preston, admitted in November, 1883; J. Louis Harris, admitted in November, 1897; Arthur W. Walker, admitted in November, 1897; and William Beals, Jr., admitted in March, 1899.

An interesting volume of ninety pages was printed in 1905 by the society, including the "Articles of Agreement" of March 6, 1789, with fac-similes of the signatures of the fifteen founders; "Observations to Prevent a Fire," as originally printed March 6, 1789; biographical notices of the original members and of the members admitted up to 1846; and separate lists of those admitted since that date, no longer members of the society and of the active members in 1905.

It is interesting to note that many officers of the United States army, navy and marine corps, including three who served during the American Revolution have been members of this society and that one member, Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker, United States army, has been honored by an equestrian statue in bronze, erected to his memory by his native state of Massachusetts, on Beacon Hill, near the state house, Boston.

The following list gives the year of admission to the Federal Fire Society of these officers and the highest rank attained by each:

United States Army

Original, Ammi R. Cutter, surgeon, Reveolutionary army;

Original, Hull Jackson, surgeon, Revolutionary army;

1817, John Thurston, assistant surgeon;

1845, Joseph Hooker, major general;

1851, William A. Winder, captain;

1852, Justin Dimick, brevet brigadier general;

1864, Jacob J. Storer, lieutenant colonel, thirteenth New Hampshire volunteers;

1865, John N. Macomb, colonel;

1867, Z. B. Towers, brevet major general;

1884, John W. Parsons, assistant surgeon, twenty-fourth Massachusetts volunteers.

(Continued on fifth page).

BILL IS KILLED

The House Takes Unfavorable Action

ON MEASURE OF LICENSE COMMISSIONERS

Permitting Granting Of Victualler's License In Any Teritory

SENATE PASSES DOVER AND ELIOT STREET RAILWAY BILL

(By The Herald's Staff Correspondent)

Concord, March 8—One proposed amendment to the license law was beaten in the House on Thursday, that legalizing the granting of a victualler's license in any territory. This measure was recommended by the license commissioners themselves. It was very strongly opposed by the legislators and was killed by a vote to indefinitely postpone.

A new joint resolution providing for an appropriation of $10,000 for co-operation with the United States geological survey in making a topographical map of the state was reported by the committe on education. It was referred to the appropriations committee.

The committee on ways and means reported a new bill providing for a tax of fifty cents per horsepower for operating automobiles upon highways. It was tabled for printing.

Mr. Hurd of Manchester announced that he would later make a motion to reconsider the vote by which the bill for the protection of sheep was indefinitely postponed.

A new bill came from the committee on retrenchment and reform amending the statutes by reducing to five percent. the interest on funds held in the state treasury for the benefit of New Hampshire College.

The judiciary committee reported inexpedient an act relating to mileage books and one giving county commissioners power to parole prisoners.

Two acts amending the medical referee law were indefinitely postponed.

The ways and means committee reported a measure providing for taxes on collaterals and legacies not previously taxed. It provides for a direct tax of one percent. above $20,000 for one class and above $1,000 for another. The judiciary committee was ordered to report on the constitutionality of the bill not later than Wednesday, March 13.

A new bill amending the statutes in relation to insurance agents was reported by the committee on finance and tabled to be printed.

A bill amending the laws of 1907 regarding the counting of ballots was reported inexpedient by a majority of the judiciary committee. There was a favorable minority report, with an amendment requiring a man seeking aid in marking his ballot to take oath to his own inability. The motion of Mr. Benton of Keene to substitute the minority report was made a special order for next Thursday.

In the debate on the victualler's license bill, Mr. Baker of Bow said that there were two such licenses in the state, one held in Portsmouth and one in Dover. He thought the bill would prevent the granting of saloon licenses in some places and was in the interest of temperance. Mr. Scott of Dover favored the bill and Mr. Paine of Derry opposed it. The opponents of the measure won on the vote.

The bill providing for a method of recounting license votes was passed. So was the measure providing for sanitary conditions in barber shops.

On motion of Mr. Buffum of Winchester, after some debate, the House voted to hold two working sessions on Friday of each week after March 15.

The fire escape bill was made a special order for next Thursday.

A concurrent resolution of Mr. Baker, authorizing the governor and council to inquire into the question of allowing the New Hampshire Historical Society to erect a library building in the state library park was adopted. The resolution requires a report, naming terms, to the next Legislature.

After some opposition, the act regulating the purchase of supplies by overseers of the poor was passed.

Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill wanted the bill requiring county officials to purchase supplies by competitive bid made a special order for next Wednesday. The House refused to take the action he desired and Mr. Whitcher forced a division, which disclosed the fact that there was no quorum present and the House, perforce, adjourned. But one Rockingham county member voted on the question, Mr. Goldsmith of Chester being opposed to the special order motion. The bill is now unfinished business

The Senate passed the act amending the laws of 1905 relating to the expenditure of money for state highways under suspension of the rules.

On motion of Senator Lintott, the House bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of adulterated ice cream was tabled.

Another bill passed by the Senate under suspension of the rules was that authorizing the Dover and Eliot street railway to connect with the Dover, Somersworth and Rochester street railway.

The act protecting wrinkles was referred to the judiciary committee of the Senate.

The committee on railroads was given the House bill authorizing the Atlantic Shore line railway to operate a ferry.

The fifty-eight hour bill, the firemen's pension bill and the bill relative to drinking intoxicating liquors in railroad cars and public vehicles were left on their third readings when the House so suddenly adjourned on Thursday afternoon.

A bill in a new draft from the House judiciary committee which has aroused much interest is printed in full below:

"Section 1. Any person, firm, company, association or corporation, foreign or domestic, doing business in the state of New Hampshire, and engaged in the production, manufacture or distribution of any commodity in general use, that shall intentionally for the purpose of destroying the business of a competitor in any locality, discriminate between different sections, communities or cities of this state, by selling such commodity at a lower rate in one section, community or city than is charged for such commodity by said party in another section, community or city, after making due allowance for the difference, if any, in the grade or quality and in the actual cost of transportation from the point of production, if a raw product, or from the point of manufacture, if a manufactured product, shall be deemed guilty of unfair discrimination, which is hereby prohibited and declared unlawful.

Section 2. Any person, firm, company, association or corporation violating any of the provisions of the preceding section, and any officer, agent or receiver of any firm, company, association or corporation, or any member of the same, or any individual, found guilty of a violation thereof, shall be fined not less than five hundred dollars ($500), nor more than five thousand dollars ($5,000), or to be imprisoned in the county jail not to exceed one year, or suffer both penalties.

"Section 3. Nothing in this act shall be construed as repealing any other act, or part of act, but the remedies herein provided shall be cumulative to all other remedies provided by law.

"Section 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage."

Says Uncle Sam, "To keep up to date
We must every day grow wiser;
But the wisest 'It' I've seen of late,
Is the Electric Advertiser.
All use the sunlight's daily gift,
But when Sol's quit this sky Sir,
The man with every sort of thrift
Calls on the Electric 'Tiser.
The reason is not far to seek.—
And now I'll tell you why Sir—
Why works all day, by night must eke
Out time your stock to spy Sir."

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

CAPT. DICKSON AFTER THE REMICK'S RECORD

Still Behind, But He May Yet Be Successful

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, March 8.

While Capt. George Dickson of the two-masted schooner Alma, now in port, is far behind Capt. Willard Rich of the schooner L. D. Remick in emulation of the Flying Dutchman, he is apparently a good second.

The Remick was ninety-five days out and had been in this harbor fifty-four days when she left here, but the Alma is out ten weeks on a passage from Sackville, N. B., to New York with laths, and arrived here Wednesday from Portland, where she had laid forty-five days.

At that rate of travel, her passage will be proportionately longer than the Remick's, as she has to go around Cape Cod.

The subject of forestry was discussed by the Grange last evening:

Following is the program:

Song, "The Wild Bird," Members
Paper, "Maine Forests," George D. Boulter
Paper, "Forests in Other States," Mrs. Ira Keene
Reading, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," Miss Eva Bunker
Piano solo, Mrs. Grace Hatch

The new degree staff will drill on Saturday evening at half-past seven in Wentworth Hall.

Hon. Horace Mitchell returned on Thursday from Augusta, where he attended the water district hearing.

A carload of coal for Frisbee Brothers of Kittery Point is being unloaded at the navy yard station.

Mrs. Sarah Clark arrived here yesterday to pass a few weeks as the guest of her son, Ralph Clark.

Mrs. P. H. Rogers has returned from a ten days' visit in Freeport, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Josephus Rogers and her daughter Helen.

Kittery Point

Mrs. Charles Frisbee is seriously ill at her home.

The schooner Fillmore, which barely made Boston Harbor Wednesday night after becoming waterlogged off the Isles of Shoals, sailed from here Feb. 28 for Portland, just before the northwest blizzard, but arrived in safety and was on her return trip to Boston, when she filled up. The Fillmore is a frequent visitor here.

Capt. Curtis Littlefield of the Piscataqua Navigation Company's barge Berwick has given up command of the barge and has purchased the schooner Alice of Bert Trefethen of Portsmouth, and will use her for trading on the Maine coast. The Alice, which has been hauled up at Portsmouth for some time, was formerly owned by Capt. John Lawry of this town. She is of five tons and was built at Kennebunk in 1876.

Ralph Seaward and L. H. Sawyer, who took the sloop Celt to her new Gloucester owners, returned on Thursday.

Conductor Frank Keen of the Atlantic Shore line is off duty on account of illness.

Morris J. Fletcher is a deck hand on the tug Portsmouth this season.

The fishermen of this town hope for the success of the plan for the utilization of dogfish skins and livers, if it will help exterminate the hated pest which holds up fishing operations along the coast every year.

The snow banks have shrunken considerably during the past few days.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, March 8—Cloudy weather, local showers, probably somewhat colder, and variable winds are the indications for Saturday.

The almanac Spring is getting close up.

WHITE! WHITE! WHITE!

Following the White Winter Comes Our Display of Desirable White Goods --- The Best in the City.

WHITE WAISTINGS.

The Variety is Immense, and in This Particular Nothing is Lacking.

Fine P K, new patterns.....
19c, 25c, 29c, 33c.

Figured Batiste and others in Choice Mercerized.....
15c, 19c, 21c, 25c.

Linen Lawns.....
10c, 12c to 42c.

Embroidery Linens.....
50c to 87c.

Dotted Muslin Waistings, real Swiss.....
12 1-2c, 25c, 33c to 50c.

Neckwear includes the Latest Stocks in Silk, Muslin and Lace, proofs of skill.....
25c, 50c, 75c to $1.50 Each.

All Over Laces.....
79c, 87c, $1.00, $1.25 to $3.50.

Waists—Some of the finest for the money.....
$1.00
In Muslin with Embroidery.

Better Than Ever, Elaborate with Lace and Finest Embroideries.....
$2.25 and $2.98.

Imported Handkerchiefs, special all linen, initial if you like, at.....
12 1-2c.

WHITE DRESS WEAR.

An Extra Fine Serge.....
87c.

In Soft Cashmere at.....
59c.

Lustrous Mohair.....
50c and 75c.

Lansdown, very fine.....
$1.25.

Taffeta Silks.....
59c and 87c.

Servi Silks only.....
75c.

White Belts, these in Silk or Kid.....
25c and 50c.

Muslin for Draperies, something like 20 styles, at.....
12 1-2c.

In finer grades.....
20c to 33c.

Beautiful Nets.....
25c to 37c.

White Ribbons for every occasion. Special extra values for party wear.

White Gloves, 12 buttons at.....
$3.00.

16 buttons at.....
$3.50.

White Hosiery.....
12 1-2c, 25c, 50c to $2.25.

HERE ARE THE NEWEST IDEAS IN WHITE --- AT FRENCH'S.

Furniture at 2-3 Regular Price

IRON BEDS.

1 Lot Iron Beds, extra strong, perfect fitting side rails, all sizes, regular price $3.75 each $2 75

1 Lot Iron Beds, handsomely brass trimmed, tea ball chills, regular price $5.00 each . . $3.75

DINNER SETS.

56 Piece Dinner Sets, genuine English make, decorated in green or blue, decoration under glaze, per set $3.95

112 Piece Dinner Sets, colors blue, green or brown $8.75

112 Piece Semi-Porcelain Dinner Set, pure white with gold trimmings, regular price $17.00 . . . . . $11.95

112 Piece Devonshire Ware Dinner Set, flow blue with gold mountings, regular price $18.50, only $12.75

130 Piece Genuine Haviland China Sets, price $40.00 . $32.50

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Best All Wool Carpets, 6 to 12 yard lengths, regular price 85c per yard 49c

28 Rolls Extra Quality Tapestry Carpet, regular price per yard $1.00 . . . . . 79c

34 Rolls Extra Super All Wool Carpet, regular price per yard 85c 68c

81 Rolls Rich Velvet Carpet, regular price $1.25 per yard . 92c

Good Quality Oil Cloth, regular price per yard 40c 29c

All Regular 75c and 85c Linoleums for this sale per yard . 68c

BRASS BEDS.

1 All Brass Bed, 1¼" posts, handsome design, regular price $19.00 . . . . . $15.75

1 All Brass Bed, extra strong, regular price $25.00 . . . . $19.75

1 All Brass Bed, 2" continuous post, regular price $42.00 . $32.00

CRAWFORD RANGES.

Complete Assortment Famous Crawford Ranges from . . . $25.00 to $42.00

☞ Remember the quality of these goods never reduced, no matter how low the price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 Dozen Rattan Rockers, worth $3.00 each $1.75

1 Dozen Rattan Reception Chairs, regular price $5.50 . $3.75

1 Large Rattan Gentleman's Rocker, regular price $6.00 . $3.75

Rattan Wood Baskets, green or shellac, regular price $2 25 . $1.48

Rattan Center Tables, large size . . . . . $3.50 and $4.25

Rattan Tea Tables $4.75

Cobbler Seat Hard Wood Rocker, regular price $2.50 each . $1.98

1 Lot Handsome Framed Pictures, each 38c

1 Lot Handsome Framed Pictures, each 98c

Drop Side Iron Bed Couches, complete, with good Mattress and Pillows, makes full size bed when open $6.50

Folding Go-Carts, regular price $2.50, for $1 79

The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,
Cor. Vaughan and Deer Streets.

ABSORB THE POISON

PHYSICIAN TELLS OF QUALITIES OF "MADSTONES."

New Clay Pipe, Easily Procurable, as Good as Any—All Worthless When Venom Has Entered the Circulation.

Physicians are often asked whether there really is any virtue in what are called madstones. One of them, writing in the Medical Brief, declares that these stones are of value, but they would be of more value if their limitations were understood.

"There is no particular variety of stone or substance which may be designated exclusively as the madstone," he says. "I have seen many of them, so-called, and no two were of exactly the same composition, geologically considered.

"Madstones act on the same principle that a blotting paper does when absorbing ink, and there is nothing that makes a better one than baked pipe clay. A new clap pipe, procurable for one cent at nearly any store where tobacco is sold, can not be excelled by any madstone, no matter how great its reputation.

"The action can be clearly demonstrated by placing a common dry red brick in contact with the margin of a puddle of water and noticing what capillary attraction will accomplish. Therefore, to be efficient, the only necessity is for the stone to be porous and have strong adhesive and absorbent qualities. Nothing mysterious about it.

"I have seen several that appear to be concretions, either vesical, renal or biliary and were found in the bladder, kidney or liver of some animal—those taken from the deer, supposed to be the best.

"When a person is bitten by a reptile or dog supposed to be mad and the porous stone applied to the wound, the blotting paper action begins, and the blood, saliva from the mouth of the animal and whatever poison these fluids contain will naturally, by capillary attraction, be absorbed by and into the substance applied, no matter what name you may give it.

"The saying that if a stone sticks the wound is poisonous, and if it does not take hold there is no venom present, is untrue. If the stone is clean and dry it will adhere when moisture is within reach till it becomes saturated.

"For instance, a new red brick will absorb one pint of water. After the venom has been taken into the circulation the madstone is worthless; but as the victim it usually filled with whisky or alcohol at the same time the stone is being used the spirits may counteract the effect of the poison.

"I know of a stone which has a wide reputation, and makes a good living for the family owning it. They never let it go out of their sight, and when the victim can not be taken to the stone one member of the family can be hired to take the stone to the victim. In addition to traveling expenses they charge $5 for the application and $2 extra for each hour that the stone sticks.

"This stone is busy a large part of the time. Not long since the stone held to a man's leg for over one hundred hours, yet the man died. His life could have been saved if dependence had not been placed entirely in the stone."

Russia's Royalties.

During the hottest months of summer the Russian imperial family remove to the Cottage, a seaside palace, in the Alexander Park, at Peterhoff, on the Gulf of Finland.

The Alexander palace is a long, low, white building in the midst of a lovely park. Its beautiful private gardens are ablaze with flowers, and there are fair sorts of surprises for the favored visitor. Here is a miniature fort, there different athletic apparatus, and a little cottage, with a stable and dear little garden round it, where the small grand duchesses experiment in housekeeping and gardening. When they are tired of that sore of amusement they can enjoy motoring, riding or driving in the long wooded avenue which surround the palace, says Home Notes.

Inside the great hall at Peterhoff there are fitted toboggan slides for bad weather; the palace is, indeed, holiday house, and whatever cares the five children may have in the future, owing to their exalted position, their childhood is at any rate as happy and unspoilt as was that of their mother—Little Princess "Sunny," as she used to be called.

Had a Feeling of Curiosity.

"I was asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector, pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at 50 cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the 50 cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself."

Same Here.

Eugon—I see the married man in Corea follows a strange custom. If he should meet his wife in the street, he does not recognize her, but passes on as if she were a stranger."

Egbert—Well, that is the custom in this country too, when the married man happens to be in the company of another woman."—Yonkers Statesman.

To Hear From Cooper

L. T. COOPER

We wish to call the attention of the public to a series of "short talks" by L. T. Cooper that are to be published in this paper.

The Cooper medicines have made a remarkable record in the leading cities of the United States during the past two years and young Mr. Cooper has been the subject of much newspaper comment.

Mr. Cooper has met and talked with thousands of sick people in his visits to almost every large city in the country.

He is noted as a man of very few words and tells briefly in these articles what his preparations are doing for sick people and why they have been successful wherever introduced.

Mr. Cooper's theory is that one-half of all human ills is caused by stomach trouble, and the wonderful success of his preparation in the treatment of stomach disorders, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, etc., seems to have proven this claim.

Some time ago we secured the agency for these celebrated medicines. We have been gratified by the extreme satisfaction of those who have purchased them from us and advise every one to read these "short talks" as they are full of terse common sense.

Boardman & Norton

Apothecaries **Opp. Post Office.**

UNWRITTEN LAW WINS

Great Victory For Sanctity Of The Home In Virginia

Culpepper, Va., March 7.—After being out one and one-half hours, the jury in the case of James and Phil F. Strother, on trial for the murder of William F. Bywaters, their brother-in-law, Dec. 15 last, returned a verdict of not guilty today.

Both the accused men appeared in the court room in advance of the jury. They appeared refreshed after a night's rest from the stress of yesterday's ordeal, when the prosecution made its final argument for conviction, though both brothers showed evidences of anxiety over the outcome of their case.

The case went to the jury at 9.30.

The defense rested on the plea of emotional insanity. The killing was admitted.

Announcement of the verdict was the signal for an outburst of approval. Mrs. James Strother, overcome by emotion, fell forward into her husband's arms, sobbing and exclaiming her thanks.

Judge Harrison addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I thank you for a verdict which I think will be approved by the public. It is an established precedent in the State of Virginia that no man tried for defending the sanctity of his home should be found guilty."

NO NEW LEVEL FOR RANGELEYS

Maine Lakes Not Lowered And Bill Killed By Senate

Augusta, Me., March 7.—The Senate this forenoon killed the bill of the Union Water Power Company of Lewiston, which asked for power to lower the waters of the Moosehead, Megantic and Richardson lakes of the Rangeley system, by a vote of 16 to 13.

This ends this matter so far as this Legislature is concerned. The principal speech for the Union Water Power Company, was made by Senator Mills of Hancock, and for the opposition by Senator Sewall of Sagadahoc.

The friends of the bill were encouraged by the vote, and the result of the vote was received with applause.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

To Resume Boxing In Detroit

Detroit, Mich., March 8.—After a pause of several years with nothing doing in the pugilistic line Detroit fight fans are jubilant over the prospect that the "lid" is about to be lifted. The authorities have granted a permit for a boxing show at the Light Guard armory tonight, under the condition that no money is to be given the contestants. It is believed that this concession will be an entering wedge for pulling off regular limited-round bouts in the near future. Joe Cherry vs. Harry Cobb and "Kid" Brock vs. Willie Spracklin are the principal bouts carded for tonight's show.

Maine Railroad To Be Sold

Rockland, Me., March 8.—This is the date fixed by the court for the sale at public auction of the Rockland, South Thomaston and Owl's Head Railway. The road was promoted by Boston parties and has been in the hands of receivers for some time.

Big Colleges In Debate

New York, March 8.—Final preparations have been concluded for simultaneous debates to be held tonight in this city, Philadelphia and Ithaca among teams representing Columbia, Hobart and Cornell. The question to be debated in each contest is: "Resolved, That Immigration Should be Further Restricted by an Educational Test."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

NOT GUILTY IS PLEA OF SCHMITZ

Frisco Mayor To Be Tried For Extortion On Monday

San Francisco, Cal., March 7.—Mayor Schmitz appeared before Judge Dunne, today, and pleaded not guilty to the charge of extortion preferred against him by the grand jury. Next Monday is set for trial.

The court then adjourned until this afternoon to await the report of the coroner who has been directed to take Abraham Rutz into custody if he can be found.

The whereabouts of Ruef still remain a mystery. Coroner Walsh who has succeeded Sheriff O'Neil in an attempt to serve a bench warrant on the indicted attorney, is still unable to locate the man.

WORMS

"I had for years suffered from what medical men called Dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach. In August I purchased a box of Cascarets and was surprised to find that I "had 'em"—you—a wiggling, squirming mass left me. Judge our doctor's surprise when I showed him thirty feet, and in another day the remainder, about the same length of a tapeworm that had been sapping my vitality for years. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since. I trust this testimonial will appeal to other sufferers."

Chas. Blacketock, 1919 Divinity Place, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Best for The Bowels

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 594

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

BECAUSE SHE'S A WOMAN.

Criticism of the Gentle Sex Evidently Written by a Bachelor.

She will save and scrimp on the laundry bills, and haggle with the butcher, and make over her last year's hat, and then—she will take all the wealth she has amassed by this painful process and stuff it into a flimsy chatelaine bag with a weak clasp and walk serenely down among the 40 thieves of Broadway, says the New York Press.

She will spend hours writing a long letter, imploring an answer by return mail, and then—she will post it without a stamp and without having once mentioned her address.

She will stand before the mirror for 20 minutes putting her hat on at exactly the right angle and will suffer tortures at the sight of a picture that hangs crooked, or a sofa pillow that is turned the wrong way, or a chair that is out of place, and then—she will sign a thousand dollar check upside down.

She will waste a fortune at the masseuse's having her flesh reduced and will walk and hant and exercise herself into nervous hysteria, and then—she will go home and eat enough chocolate fudge to give a strong man fatty degeneration of the chin.

She will cut a woman she dislikes dead in the street and talk about her to the whole community, and then—she will go straight home and wear her fingers out trying to make her hat over like that same woman's.

She will go without a lot of things she really wants, and mend her old clothes until they drop to pieces, and then—she will spend the money she has thus saved on a pink and gilt angel for the parlor mantel.

She will trot around in the rain hunting for three-quarters of a yard of ribbon or a new patent hairpin until she is exhausted, ruining her best clothes and wearing her shoes and her nerves to tatters, and then—some home and weep because the dampness has taken the wave out of her fifty-cent marcel.

She will spank her little boy until he cries for mercy because he told a lie about his pet dog and filched a penny from her pocketbook, and then—she will calmly put him on a street car and look the conductor squarely in the eye while she perjures herself about the boy's age and cheats the car company out of a nickel.

She is a puzzle, an enigma, a paradox, but then—she is a woman.

First Time Under Fire.

"How did you feel the first time you were in battle?" Sergt. J. E. Williams was asked by a Kansas City Star reporter.

"Mighty shaky," the sergeant said. "And I was in charge of a squad of men, too. My first engagement was in 1899 in the Philippine islands. I was a corporal then. I belonged to Battery O of the Sixth artillery. We had been in the islands two days and were stationed in Luzon. My squad—seven men and myself—were sent out to do post duty. We started early in the morning and about five o'clock in the evening arrived at our post, a lonely place, overgrown with tropical vegetation and generally depressing.

"We camped and—waited. A little after dark I saw a flash from a clump of dark vegetation about a thousand yards away. At the same time I heard a bullet whing over my head. I never was scared so badly before. It seemed that that bullet went right through me. The men were waiting for orders. I tried to give them, but the only result was an inarticulate gurgle.

"There I stood, with seven men waiting for orders. My knees were shaking and I felt that every hair on my head was standing on end. Then several more flashes came and one of my men fell, wounded by one of the bullets.

"Well, sir, that made me mad. I started to cussing. I swore at every one, the natives, the Philippines, my soldiers. When that man fell all my fear left me."

A Trio of Husbands.

The traveled girl was explaining the strange looking locket she had about her neck on a thin gold chain.

"It is a Buddhist charm," she said, "to keep off bad luck. A swarthy little woman in Tibet gave it to me. She took a great fancy to me. It is handsome, if the back is of tin. The face is of turquoise. They make them like that in Tibet. The little woman's husbands came up to her one by one, begging her to go home with them, but she wouldn't till she had finished talking to me. I felt very much flattered. Oh, yes, she had three husbands. The women are very scarce, you know, in Tibet. It was lovely to see them dancing attendance on her; tall fellows they were, too, and handsome.

"She asked me how many husbands I had. It was very humiliating to have to acknowledge to her that I hadn't any," she sighed.

A Real Lemon.

"Talk about a lemon," said a newly engaged man, as he rubbed his hands wildly through his hair. "I thought I was on the wrong track when I asked a girl to marry me. But she accepted all right and I gave her an engagement ring.

"Imagine how I felt when I called to take her to the theater last night and she greeted me in a hat trimmed with lemons. I almost fainted at the sight, but apparently she didn't notice my embarrassment, for she smiled sweetly and asked me—how I liked them. And now I'm wondering whether it's all off and whether I'll get back the ring."

The Gospel of Work.

Few artists of the present day have worked harder during their career than Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. "Nothing is achieved in this world," he once said, "certainly no sterling success of any kind whatever, except at the expense of sheer hard work, and plenty of it. This has been my experience from my youth up."—The Reader.

Prosy Talk After Dinner.

From New York comes a wail of agony. It is the despairing cry of the bored diner; the man who goes to a banquet and has his entire evening spoiled by the stupid speeches which top off the feast. He even threatens to forego this feeling; a terrible threat for a metropolite and an index of the greatness of the evil and its accompanying torture.

Varnish for Furniture.

In 52 parts of alcohol dissolve four parts of shellac. On the other hand, dissolve the same quantity of boiled linseed oil in 16 parts of oil of turpentine. Mix the two solutions slowly, while stirring constantly. Finally, add four parts of liquid ammonia and mix vigorously to render the whole perfectly homogeneous.—Chemiker Zeitung.

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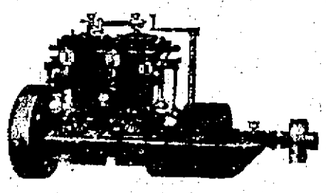

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MADE STRONG PLEA

IRISHMAN'S STORY SOFTENED HEART OF MAGISTRATE.

Recollection of Boyhood Days the Cause of Michael Dalton's Departure From the Straight and Narrow Path, He Averred.

When Michael Dalton, who said he lived at 423 East Sixteenth street, was arraigned in the Yorkville police court on a charge of intoxication he begged Magistrate Breen to let him go "this once," says the New York Sun.

"I was only celebrating a trifle too much," he explained.

"If I remember rightly, you were here yesterday," remarked the court.

"Your honor's got a good memory," responded the prisoner.

"And you said yesterday that you were celebrating."

"That's right, too. It's the same celebration, but I've had enough. I met with some friends from Skohan, where I used to live when I came from the old country. Tim Hennessey was one of them, and he reminded me of the time old Hollister's bull kept me up the tree, and, bedad! I had to take a few to forget it.

"I was after apples in Hollister's orchard one afternoon, and Hennessey and O'Toole were with me. We went over the stone wall and I climbed a tree and shook down the finest apples in the orchard, while the other two filled a bag with them. Old Hollister was that stingy he wouldn't give an apple to any one. The bag was nearly full when me friends made a run for the stone wall and got over it as though the divvle was after them. I didn't know what was up until I seen Hollister's brindle bull come tearing down under the tree.

"Then I remembered that the farmer kept the bull instead of a dog to watch the orchard, and it showed his good sinse. The bull looked up at me as I started to get down, and there was something in his look that made me stay where I was. I waited for him to go, and he waited for me to come down. O'Toole and Henessey, on the other side of the wall, tried to coax and to drive the beast away, but not one inch would he stir from under the tree.

"When night came the vagabond was still there and waiting for me, but it was as much as my life was worth to face him. So I had to stay in the tree. I had been out to a dance the night before, and my eyes were heavy with sleep.

"I was afeared to go to sleep in the tree, for I might tumble down, and the beast 'ud get me. But sorra the bit could I stay awake, so I took my suspenders and tied myself to the tree, so that I wouldn't fall.

"The bull was still there when I woke up in the morning, and was likely to stay there until Hollister called him off, if it wasn't for my friends. They came to the orchard early in the morning with a bulldog and around his neck was a red cloth. They put the dog in the orchard to coax the bull away, but sorra a foot would he stir from the tree.

"The dog thought the bull was afraid so he goes up and nips him on the heels. That made the big beast mad and he chased the dog a small bit.

"That was my chance for salvation, I thought, and I took it. Jumping from the tree I ran for the wall. The bull saw me and came after me, the dog after him. How I got over the wall ahead of the horns was more than I could do to-day, but over I got in time.

"It was the memory of those lively times that made Hennessey and meself take a few extra drinks."

The magistrate let him go again.

Prodigal Up to Date.

A well known contractor of a town not far from Boston has a son, still under 20, who has been running away from home ever since he attained his twelfth year. The father has many times been called upon to fetch the young lad back from remote points, and none of the hard luck proposition the boy has faced has taught him a permanent lesson, probably for the reason that he has always found it too easy a matter to get home by simply telegraphing his father for the price of a ticket.

He went away again two months ago, and his father didn't hear from him until recently, when the contractor got a dispatch dated Hastings, Neb. The message ran:

"Am on the hog. Wire me $79 for a ticket home. Joe."

The desperate father went to the telegraph office, got a blank, and wrote this concise reply:

"Eat the hog."

Refused to Wither Away.

Miss Ascum—Jack Hanson isn't fat, is he?

Miss Newitt—Not at all; he's quite graceful and muscular. Why?

Miss Ascum—I happened to mention him to Miss Jilter and she said: "Oh, isn't he disgustingly stout?"

Miss Newitt—Ah, yes. She rejected him some weeks ago and she's mad because he didn't pine away.

Why He Quit Preaching.

I heard a couple of negro women talking on a car in an amusing manner.

"'Whahbouts is yo' son, Albert, now?' asked one.

"'He's doin' fine,' was the reply.

"'Is he still preachin'?'

"'No indeedy, rephed the other. 'He done quit preachin' en went to bahtendin'. Dey's mo money in it.'"—Denver Post.

INSISTED ON BEING HANGED.

Murderers Who Have Pleaded for Execution of Sentence.

The case of the condemned murderer, who the other day practically sentenced himself by refusing to sign a petition for a reprieve, is not so rare as many people imagine.

One famous parallel instance was that of Rev. Mr. Hackman, who shot an actress, Miss Reay, as she was leaving the stage door of Convent Garden theater, and who, although actually offered a cummutation, preferred to die upon the gallows in the expiation of his crime.

Only a few weeks back, again, the Berlin papers chronicled the case of a wealthy land owner, who, having shot a servant in a fit of passion, tried him, with himself as judge, and sentenced himself to ten years' solitary confinement in one of his own private dungeons in his own medieval castle in the heart of the Black Forest.

Nine years and some odd months of this punishment he actually endured, his house steward doling him out daily a meager ration of coarse prison fare. Unluckily for him, however, the authorities got to hear of the affair and he was haled before the ordinary tribunal to await his trial in due course.

Another extraordinary case also, curiously enough, of German origin, was that of a sergeant major of an infantry regiment stationed in Bremen, who a few weeks back sentenced himself to be shot by a squad of his own men. The soldiers thought they were firing blank, but the self-condemned man had surreptitiously removed the harmless cartridges and substituted ball ammunition, so that at his own word of command, "Fire," he fell dead.

Finally, it may be mentioned that John Lee, the Babbacombe murderer, who survived three separate attempts to hang him owing to some defect in the machinery of the drop, insisted vehemently that his sentence must be carried out "according to law."

This is, of course, quite contrary to the generally received opinion regarding the case. But the writer was recently assured of its correctness by the convict's own mother, and her assurance is borne out by Rev. John Pitkin, who was chaplain of Exeter gaol at the time.

Said this gentleman the other day: "When the attempt to execute him (Lee) failed, he called out again and again, 'I will be executed.' And when I suggested after the third attempt to take his life that the execution should be postponed, Lee exclaimed, 'Aren't they going to execute me? I will be executed!'"—Pearson's Weekly.

Intelligent Pharmacy.

One of the ablest physicians in New York was in financial straits in his young days, and looked long and hard for a job. Finally he was engaged in a small shop in Cherry street, in the midst of sailors' boarding houses "and sich." One night a woman asked for an ounce of some deadly poison. "What are you going to do with it?" said the young pharmacist. She replied quickly: "I am going to drink it; I am weary of living! I shall commit suicide." "In that case," she he, "I won't sell it to you; you will have to obtain it elsewhere." She laughed. "Oh, do you take me for a fool? If I wanted to kill myself do you suppose I'd tell you? Honestly, I want the medicine for my husband, a 'longshoreman, who is in great distress." "That's different," said our young friend, who thereupon sold the poison and made her sign for it. As she passed out of the door she yelled in maniac tones: "Ya, ya! I got you that time! I'll be in hell in seven minutes!"

Colors to the Blind.

"Have you any conception of color?" a friend asked a blind man. "What idea have you when you hear colors mentioned?"

"A person blind from birth as I have been can have no possible proper conception of color," was the reply. "To me color is sound, or rather, music. When I hear the word red, for example, I instantly think of a high piercing note of music; blue is to me a delicately sounded note fairly high and pleasing in tone; green is a soft tone and rather low, quiet and restful; while yellow is lively, quick little notes rapidly sounding and causing pleasure, almost to laughter. Black, alas! is the only color we can realize, for we are told that that is the absence of all light, and we know only too well what that means."

Garbed Like Player Queen.

As she came into the corridor of the opera house every woman's eye turned in her direction, attracted by the curious head covering she wore. It looked like one of the crowns a player wears in a Shakespearean play, since it consisted of nothing but a band of heavy gold braid, of the kind known technically as "galoon," with a circular top to it fashioned of purple velvet. Around her neck she wore a thin scarf of a shade that toned in with the color of the velvet and the final touch of Shakespearean suggestion was added when she lifted up her skirts, disclosing her ankles clad in mauve silk stockings and her feet covered with a pair of sandals in mauve colored kid through the openings in which the stockings could be plainly seen.

Trying to Avoid Exposure.

Hicks—I carried my wife's umbrella with me yesterday and lost it somewhere. Now she wants to advertise it.

Wicks—That's a good idea. It may be returned to her.

Hicks—That's just the trouble. I'm almost certain I left it in some saloon.

CHINA'S PRESS AND IDOLS.

People Are Awakening to Folly of Ancient Custom.

"Whilst the Chinese government is trying to coerce the editors and prevent them from interfering with local customs and usages, the native press here in the south is attacking idolatry with sword and spear," writes a Canton correspondent to the North China Daily News of Shanghai. "There was a time when missionaries were blamed for venturing to to say anything disrespectful against the idols of China and when we have heard some of them preach we must say that, in the main they have been very tactful in their dealings with these things. But the Chinese themselves are not in any way sensitive in their handling of the question.

"Idols and the like, incense burning and all its accessories, incantations and all their kindred superstitions are heaped together and, so to speak, set on fire in the presence of the people. The whole system is held up to ridicule and condemned as stupid, expensive and degrading in the extreme. The people are urged to sweep away the whole paraphernalia without keeping any part of it worth a cash.

"Confucian classics are quoted as showing that when Confucius was leading the people into paths of righteousness and happiness, idols had not yet invaded China; foreigners are also held up as worthy of imitation, for they at least only worship one God. Such attacks on the part of the native press will do much to hasten the disintegration of the superstition of idolatry."

INDORSED GOOD MAN'S PRAYER.

Youth Even Added Strength to the Deacon's Explanation.

Franklin Whitcomb waxed reminiscent the other night, and favored a few cronies assembled in his cozy library with a story or two of his early life in that town where Denman Thompson has made all Whitcombs famous, Swanzey, N. H.

The senior deacon of the little white church in which Mr. Whitcomb first heard a sermon was an ardent advocate of good government and good laws. It was his custom, on the Sunday preceding the opening of the legislature, to pray that affairs might run smoothly in that august assemblage. He would pray something after this fashion:

"Oh, Lord, bless the general court, and grant that the senators and representatives all hang together."

One Sunday, after the deacon had finished this stereotyped sentence, a young man who was kneeling in a nearby pew, and whose name Mr. Whitcomb, for sundry reasons, sees fit not to disclose, exclaimed: "Yes, do, Lord, do! It is the prayer of all good people."

The deacon was a little nettled, and replied: "Brethren, I fear my meaning and that of the young man do not correspond. I pray that they may all hang thogether in peace and concord."

"No matter what cord," said the youth whose identity is withheld, "provided it's a strong cord."—Boston Herald.

"Mark Twain" Indignant.

The writer at one time was associated with "Mrs. Partington" (B. P. Shillaber) in editing a church fair paper. Through the solicitation of Mr. Shillaber—who had a wide acquaintance in literary circles—quite a number of articles were contributed by authors of prominence, among whom was "Mark Twain," who sent the following characteristic reply:

"Friend Shillaber—Your pleasant note asking me to furnish you 'half a dozen lines' for the church fair paper you are editing came to hand, and I set about it with friendly alacrity, but when I looked at your note again and saw that it was half a dozen lines' you wanted instead of half a dozen 'lies,' I felt disappointed and outraged. Now, don't come to a journalist any more for a little simple thing like that—poets are the people who write the 'lines.' William G. Shakespeare or some similar artist is the party you want. Your friend, Mark Twain."

Talking From Stratas.

"Seems to me," said the girl, "that we are made up of different stratas, and that we talk sometimes from one strata and sometimes from another. The whole sum of our stratas—what we really are—is rarely ever expressed in speech. People who hear us talk from one of the lower stratas judge us by that. When we are in an elevated mood and talk from a higher strata we are judged by that. No one can judge of us who hasn't heard us talk from all stratas—grave and gay, frivolous and thoughtful. The whole substance of us is not to be revealed in our partial moods and conversations. And, therefore, it is that so many people misjudge us—either underrate or over-rate us; and the most never understand us at all."

To Encourage Sleep.

Many people suffer constantly from a sense of over-fatigue which entirely prevents sleep at night. A hot bath taken before retiring is a capital antidote in some cases, but in others the bath acts as a stimulant rather than a narcotic, and prevents rather than engenders sleep. One of the best means of obtaining rest is a cup of warm milk to which has been added a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper, while many people ignore the fact that sleeplessness is caused by shut windows and a lack of fresh air.

TITLES TO ARCTIC LANDS.

Lands Hitherto Unknown Discovered and Named by Explorers.

The voyage of the Canadian government cruiser Arctic to the far north suggests for consideration the question of the ownership of some far northern lands. For many years explorers of various nationalities—British, American, Scandinavian and others—have ventured into the frozen wilderness lying between the Dominion of Canada and the north pole, and have there discovered lands thitherto unknown and have named them and planted flags upon them. There has been much international rivalry in the work of elaborating the arctic map and of pushing on toward the pole.

But there has been little thought in the minds of the adventurers or in that of the public of the delimitation of international boundaries in the realms of paleocrystic ice and eternal snow. But now the Canadian government brings that thought to mind in the intimation that the Dominion extends clear to the north pole and that all the lands which have been discovered and explored in those regions, no matter by whom, are under the British flag.

Academically the question is somewhat complicated and might form the subject of interminable argument. There are those who hold that discovery and exploration give title to new lands, while others insist that title is not perfected without actual occupation and permanent settlement. But how if the lands in question are not fit for or susceptible of settlement?

NEW IDEA FOR INVENTORS.

Something the World Needs and Would Pay Well For.

"Inventors would get untold gobs of free advertising if they would give to their inventions names rymping with some one or other of our 5,000 rhymeless words," an editor said.

"Take the word 'silver.' It has no rhyme. It is a stumbling block to every poet. The poet uses it at a line's end and then has to destroy the line because there is no rhyme for it. Suppose, as he sought frantically, an invention called the 'dilver' appeared. Then, in order not to lose his line, the poet would drag in the new invention, thus giving it an 'ad' worth $5 to $10, an ad like this:

"'The moonlit sea, a sea of silver,
As perfect as a perfect dilver.'

"Do you catch the idea? Yet our inventors exercise their best talent, call a new aeroplane a 'wolf' to rhyme with 'coif,' a new soundless typewriter a 'gorange' to rhyme with 'orange,' a home ice-making machine a 'kulf' to rhyme with gulf,' and so on."

Alligator's Affection.

It seems that if you only begin early enough, it is possible to tame even the fiercest animals. A baby alligator, caught in a swamp, was taken to the home of its captor in New York, and in the course of time it would follow him about like a dog. What was even more curious was that it and the cat became great chums. When pussy slept before the fire the alligator used to lay its head on the cat and go to sleep, too. The only creature that excited the alligator was a fox, chained in a yard. It did not try to bite the fox, but lashed it with its tail. Once, had the chain not broken, poor Reynard would have been beaten to death. The alligator was fed on raw flesh and milk, of which it was very fond. When the weather was cold it was kept in a box with wool in it. One frosty night the wool had been forgotten, and next morning the alligator was found dead.

President Ob What?

President Roosevelt likes to leave the White house at times and make informal calls on his friends. One night last winter he strolled up to Attorney General Moody's house and rang the bell.

The negro butler came to the door. He peered out suspiciously and asked: "What you-all want?"

"I should like to see Mr. Moody."

"Mr. Moody ain't in to nobody."

"Oh, I guess he will see me. Tell him the president is here."

"The president?" said the butler, suspiciously.

"Yes, the president."

The butler pulled the door almost shut. He looked at Mr. Roosevelt's slouch hat with disdainful eye and inquired scornfully: "President ob what?—Saturday Evening Post.

Black Teeth and Fidelity.

"The Japs are a fine race," said the sailor, "but there's one thing about them I don't like. The married women all blacken their teeth with a paste made out of sweet oil and soot.

"When a young married woman gives you a smile, instead of being ravished with a glimpse as of snow on roses—pearly teeth gleaming between red lips—you look into a black hole. You frown. You turn away in disgust.

"The idea is that the married women's black teeth, making them unattractive, keeps them faithful to their husbands. Doesn't it have the opposite effect on the husbands, though? Perhaps, eh?"

Brave Man.

"Henry," whispered Mrs. Subbubs, shaking her sleepy husband, "I'm sure there are burglars downstairs."

"You go down and see, Mary," said he. "They wouldn't dare strike a woman."

What Bears Will Do

Uncle Jase Settles the Question With a Tale of Uncle Spitzer.

"ELI'S Sam got up so suddent from the shoebox where he had been settin' that he almost knocked Uncle Jase out o' the three-legged cheer where he sot, and he says, sort o' as if he was mad, and sort o' as if he was goin' to take Uncle Jase by the neck:

"'I've always believed they'd do it,' says he, 'and I've always stuck to it and argyfied the strongest kind that they'd do it,' says he, 'but I see now that they won't, and take it all back!' says he.

"I had always stood up ag'in Eli's Sam sayin' that they would do it, 'cause I thought I knowed 'em 'bout as well as the next feller, havin' trapped 'em and shot 'em and had rough and tumbles with 'em, up hill and down dale, helter skelter through the scrub, and kersploshity-splosh knee deep across the swamps, fer more than 40 year, and they hadn't never done it to me, and I never knowed o' their doin' it to anyone else, so I always stood up ag'in Eli's Sam on his p'int that they would do it, but he stuck to it like a wooditick to a yaller coon dog. And he was doin' of it this time, over to the Eddy, settin' on the shoebox and layin' of his argyfyin' down fer sartin.

"'Do it?' says he. 'Why, sure as powder they'll do it! Every time they git the chance. Bears don't like nothin' better than to chaw a man fer dinner, bears don't,' says he. 'Do it?' says he. 'O' course they'll do it!'

"'Pish!' says I. 'Bears won't do it! Bears won't eat a man no more than I will!' says I.

"'They won't, hey?' says Uncle Jase. 'Well,' says he, takin' somethin' outen his pocket and holdin' it up betwixt his fingers. 'Here's somethin' that says they will, Dan'l,' says he. 'Tain't nothin' but a button—a shiny brass button—but it's priny fishy evidence that they'll do it,' says he.

"Eli's Sam he brightened up and looked at me as if he was sorry fer me, and he says:

"'Aha!' says he. 'How did you come to git it, Uncle Jase?' says he.

"'That button,' says Uncle Jase, 'was on the sojer coat o' my old pap's Uncle Spitzer when he come over here with the Britishers to fight ag'in us fellers time o' the revolution. Uncle Spitzer was always sorry he fit on t'other side, and he said he'd never a' done it if he'd only had an inkilin' o' what nice folks we was over here, and so when he came up after the war and settled in the Knob country folks took sech a likin' to him that they never said nothin' ag'in his wearin' that sojer coat o' his'n with the brass buttons on it. And this here is one o' 'em.'

"Uncle Jase had been talking slower and slower and lower and lower, all the time a wiggilin' and keepin' his eyes onto Simon, and then he shet up suddent and with a snap. Then me and Eli's Sam looked over to Simon, and we see he had got up and was fastenin' the kiver down on the pail o' loose chawin' that always sets on the counter, and it looked to us as if he had remembered that Uncle Jase always got sort o' absent minded when he begun to make history, and seemed to forgit that the terbacker wasn't there, like almanacs, to help hisself to.

"So when we see Simon fastenin' of the kiver on to the pail o' loose chawin' we knowed that Uncle Jase 'd be discouraged, and that the history o' that sojer button 'd more than likely be lost. As fer me, I didn't care so much, fer I wasn't lookin' fer no evidence ag'in my argyfyin' that bears wouldn't do it, but Eli's Sam he was disapp'inted, and he hauls out his new plug o' sweet terbacker and hands it to Uncle Jase and says:

"'Have a chaw, Uncle Jase?'

"Uncle Jase bein' partic'larly fond o' sweet plug, he cheered up like the sun comin' from behind a cloud, took an amazin' chaw, offen Eli's Sam's plug, and started right in to make history ag'in. Then, o' course, his absent mindedness took holt on him, and he stuck Eli's Sam's plug into his pocket.

"'Yes, yes!' says he, 'when Uncle Spitzer come up after the war and settled in the Knob country, folks took sech a likin' to him that they never said nothin' ag'in his wearin' that Britisher sojer coat o' his'n with the brass buttons on it. Partic'larly they didn't after he fetched in the wildcat and the fox, one day.

"'He wasn't out after wildcat nor fox, neither. He was jest trampin' the woods with his eye peeled fer bear, but bear didn't seem to care to have him git his eye on to 'em, and they laid low. So he sot down on to a log and lit his pipe, and was smokin' away, grinin' to think how sheert all the bears was of him, and yit mad to know that they was, when a big red fox come trottin' out o' the bushes and went skittin' past Uncle Spitzer like a streak o' grease.

"'Thinkin' that he mowt as well take a fox skin home if he couldn't do no better, Uncle Spitzer hauled up to put a bullet into that one, when the fox got behind a big chestnut tree and didn't come out into sight ag'in. Uncle Spitzer stepped round the tree to git a head on the fox and seen its brush disappearin' round t'other side o' the tree. He follered it on his tiptoes, and it kep' goin' on, and so save his peaky gizzard, as Uncle Spitzer used to say, he couldn't git higher to that fox than to jest git a glimpse o' that tail o' his'n whiskin' round the circle.

"Uncle Spitzer broke into a stiff run, but that didn't make a bit o' difference. The fox's tail kep' jest ahead o' him, all the same. Then he slowed down to a snail's pace, thinkin' that the fox would come on and overtake him, sure, not knowin' that he had slowed down; but the sly old chap was so cute that he sized his gait right down to Uncle Spitzer's, and kep' that consarned tail o' his'n jest ahead o' his nose, with not another speck o' fox carcass to be seen.

"'Findin' that he couldn't git a sight at nothin' but the fox's tail by follerin' of it that way, Uncle Spitzer all of a sudden stopped square in his tracks, turned round and started back in t'other direction, thinkin', o' course, that he'd take the wily chicken-stealer off his guard and come face to face with him. But he didn't. When Uncle Spitzer turned and took the back track, all he could see when he swung round the circle was that same old bushy tail trailin' along, and jest roundin' the corner ahead of him, as usual.

"'Now, Uncle Spitzer had been circleatin' the girt' o' that tree fer goin' on to 20 minutes, and, havin' tramped somethin' like 20 mile over the hills besides, he begun to feel his wind gittin' a leetle skeerce. Consekently, he wasn't as gentle in his mind as a lamb on the hillside, and he said that if he could only a got his hands on to that fox jest at that minute he'd a' treated him worse than Samson did that little flock o' foxes he ketched wunst on a time, as you mowt a' heerd about, Dan'l, and tied blazin' pine knots to their tails. While Uncle Spitzer stood there a-cussin' like sojers will, he see fer the first time a big holler place in the tree, nigh the ground. He got an idee in a second.

"'Chasin' the fox round the tree two or three times as fast as he could jump, Uncle Spitzer flopped down and crep' into that holler place. The fox came on, and as he was passin' the holler, Uncle Spitzer shoved his gun bar'l out like a flash, ketched the fox under the belly, and give it a sweep up that sent it flyin' clean amongst the branches o' the tree. Uncle Spitzer was out on his feet in a second, and had a dead aim on to the fox before he had time to turn and drop back to'rds the ground.

"'As he drawed bead on the fox in the air, he sees a tremendous big wildcat ceroochin' on the limb of a tree, right in range of his gun, and not 20 foot away. The varmint was all ready to spring on Uncle Spitzer. Uncle Spitzer had an idee that his bullet would slosh clean through the fox and plink into the wildcat, too, and he'd git 'em both without puttin' hisself out any, and he whanged away.

"'Down come the fox, deader than a gate post, but the bullet missed the wildcat. Before Uncle Spitzer could take his gun down to get another load into it, the wildcat sprung for him. It struck the end o' his gun bar'l with its jaws wide open, and it was goin' so fast that the bar'l slid clean through it, like stringin' a bead on a thread, and Uncle Spitzer fetched it in strung that way, druggin' the fox along by its big brush. So if anyone ever had any idee o' sayin' anythin' ag'in Uncle Spitzer wearin' that Britisher sojer coat o' his'n they never said it after he fetched in that wildcat and that fox.

"'Then by and by Uncle Spitzer took to sayin' that there wasn't nothin' in our woods no more that was worth anybody's while to tackle, and he swore reg'lar every fall that he'd never be happy till he could git som'rs where he could run ag'in lions or tigers or somethin' o' that sort'. So, one fall, when he didn't come home from goin' out a-huntin', pap and all of 'em thought, of course, that he had pulled out and gone to seek a country where he could tackle lions and tigers.

"'The next spring, though, pap knocked over a big bear down back o' Bark swamp. So fur as anything showed on the outside there wasn't nothin' about that bear any different from any other bear just like it, but no bear that ever was killed in the Knob country or any other country never had the somethin' in its inside like this bear that pap killed that day did.

"'When that bear was dressed they picked 12 brass buttons out of its maw. Twelve brass sojer buttons. Uncle Spitzer hadn't gone away to the lion and tiger country, after all. He had tackled this bear, and bit off more than he could chaw. But the bear hadn't. Uncle Spitzer and his sojer coat had digested all right, but them buttons hadn't, and there they was. And this button here is one of them. Here it is, and if it ain't priny fishy evidence that bears 'll do it, Dan'l, then produce your evidence that Uncle Spitzer went away to git lions and tigers and wasn't eat by the bear my pap killed,' says Uncle Jase.

"That priny fishy evidence looked fer all the world like the buttons that was on the old blue army overcoat that I wore wunst, and I says to Uncle Jase:

"'Why,' I says. 'How's this, Uncle Jase? This old Britisher button has got U. S. on to it, in big letters,' I says.

"'Course it has!' says Uncle Jase. 'It wouldn't be priny fishy evidence if it hadn't,' says he. 'Uncle Spitzer was a mighty careful man. Everything o' his'n was marked with his initials, even to his sojer buttons. There they be, right before you, Dan'l. U. S.—Uncle Spitzer,' says he.

"Eli's Sam got up so suddent from the shoe box that he almost knocked Uncle Jase offen the three legged cheer, and he says, sort as if he was disapp'inted and sort o' as if he was goin' to take Uncle Jase by the neck:

"'I've always believed it,' says he, 'and I've always stuck to it and argyfied the strongest kind that they'd do it,' says he, 'but I see now that they won't, and I take it all back!' says he.

"I guess that tough and strong insinuation must a' doubled up on Uncle Jase's absent-mindedness, fer he sot there half an hour, chawin' on Eli's Sam's sweet terbacker and sort o' grinin', and then got up and went home without remembering that he was takin' the plug with him."—N. Y. Sun.

SOME DISCURSIVE DIDACTICS.

No man is licensed to speak merely because he has thought twice.

What a short life lacks in length it sometimes makes up in breadth and thickness.

He that is down needs fear no fall, but he is in imminent danger of being trampled upon.

The rain falleth alike upon the just and the unjust, but the unjust usually has an umbrella.

Those who look upon life as a game of chance usually find the cards stacked against them.

The man who hasn't an ax to grind is usually found turning the grindstone for somebody else.

The beauty of a free government is that the less freedom you have the more government you are likely to enjoy.

To seek an office and not get it is to be a place hunter; but to hold office for a generation, that is patriotism and statesmanship combined.—Thomas Speed Mosby, in Judge.

FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL.

During business hours attend strictly to the work you have in hand.

No one is indispensable, so you can't afford to do anything but your best.

Never get careless about your work and imagine that you are indispensable.

Never be afraid of doing a little bit more than you are actually called upon to do.

Be cheerful over your work. If you have to earn your living you might just as well be happy as "grumpy" over it.

Put your whole heart and soul into doing your work well, and treat all with whom you come in contact courteously.

Never talk to outsiders about what goes on in the office. You are in honor bound to look on your employers' business as something to be kept absolutely secret by you.

LITTLE TRUTHS.

The test of fame is the parody.

There are no return tickets issued from the frying pan into the fire.

The fellow who is looking for trouble frequently overestimates his capacity.

Feminine bathing suits are higher this year. In fact, most of them are several feet above the level of the sea.

Only a few of us can have our faces on banknotes. Most of us would prefer to have our hands on them, anyway.

When a man's estate is valued at $100,000 and "upward" it doesn't necessarily imply that he has taken any of it with him.

WISDOM'S THOUGHTS.

What a catastrophe if the man in the moon should turn gossip.

In some houses they are getting to call the janitor the concierge, among other things.

It would be desirable to divorce graft from politics, but at the moment they seem a very harmonious couple.

The advantage of praying for light is that in that way people are rather more apt to get just the light they wish.

Is it any wonder if the woman who is ahead of her age carries her age rather less well than the woman who is not?

We certainly have some right to consider ourselves a great people. Where is there another people who can cheer so long, without stopping, and without knowing what for?

LOVE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

Pears—"Name the day."

Currants—"You shock me."

Pineapples—"I am lonesome."

Raisins—"You're coming up."

Lemons—"Not on your tintype."

Bananas—"There's many a slip."

Grapes—"You are a seedy bunch."

Green Apples—"You give me a pain."

Peaches—"The frost didn't touch me."

Dates—"It's your move."—Toledo Blade.

REFLECTIONS OF A HOTEL CLERK

You can always tell a newly married man by the jerk with which he writes "and wife."

You can't tell who is staying at the hotel by the people who occupy the chairs in front.

The man who flashes the biggest roll in the lobby is usually the farthest in arrears at the cashier's desk.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1907

A VALUABLE EXAMPLE

Although Congress does not seem to be impressed with the value, with the absolute necessity, indeed, of forest reserves, no doubt exists in the mind of the President. Neither does he hesitate to act on his own responsibility when Congress fails to do its duty.

The agricultural appropriation bill, passed at the session just ended, provided that "except for acts of Congress, no additional forest reserves shall be created in the six Western states which are richest in timber." It happened, fortunately, that existing laws gave the President power to create new reserves and this he proceeded to do, just before affixing his signature to the agricultural appropriation bill. By his act, 17,000,000 acres of timber lands in Nevada, Oregon, Colorado, Washington, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho have been saved from the despoilers of the forests.

If there had been in the House a few more men with the courage of Mr. Roosevelt, the White Mountain and Appalachain forest reserve bills might have been saved. Had it not been for the unreasonable fear which Speaker Cannon seems to have inspired, the interests of the people might have been considerably advanced. It is unfortunate that Mr. Roosevelt has not the power to do for the White Mountain and Appalachian regions what he did for the West. If he had, we would be able to defy Cannon. The lower branch of Congress was apparently hypnotized by the speaker and the Atlantic seaboard must suffer in consequence.

It is feared that when Congress assembles again, it will be too late to prevent the despoiling of the White Mountains. Much good can be done, even then, but not the greatest good.

It would be very much to the advantage of the nation if more of the men in public life were as ready to defy the self-appointed directors of public opinion as Mr. Roosevelt. A courage that enables a man to do the right thing regardless of the anger of men of power and influence is of the greatest public value. Mr. Roosevelt has set an example which Congressmen and others may well follow.

OUR EXCHANGES

Tempora Mutantur

A book of verses underneath the tree
Served Omar V. Khayyam right handily.
Your modern Omar, on the other hand,
Is scarce content with anything so wee.

He wants a hammock swung from limb to limb,
And at his side, when Father Sol grows dim,
To keep his eyes unstrained, he calleth for
A pocket Edison Electric Glim.

And on the bough, beneath which he doth plan
To lie and take whatever case he can,
To keep him cool and shoo the flies away,
He has a brazen-winged dynamic fan.

When these are set, his idle fancy roams,
Not thro' one volume of some maiden's pomes,
But all The World's Best Letters he demands
Put forth in forty-leven quarto tomes.

As for the Jug, and single loaf of bread,
Pon which our simple Omar one-time fed,
O'er that I draw the veil. Omar today
Appears to have a better appetite—and head.

And finally, as for that item "Thou"
That Omar wished for, sitting 'neath the bough,
Let it remain. In these days 'tis the same,
For "thou"'s a synonym for "thousands" now.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's magazine, March numeber.

Perhaps Not, Brother

Boston will not see "Salome," after all, and the vigorous protest in advance against the performance of the ministers was wasted powder and shot.—Providence Journal.

Where Smoot Fell Down

Undoubtedly Mr. Smoot is a perfect gentleman, but he did not feel inclined to give up his seat to the ladies anywhere except in a street car.—Newburyport Herald.

You Can't Phase Those Statesmen

The New Hampshire Legislature is a versatile body. At the session of house on Tuesday the subjects under discussion included squirrels, rum, education and the exemption of veterans of the Civil War and their widows from taxation.—Concord Patriot.

Not on Your Photograph

John D. Rockefeller intimates that he has a surprise in store for the public. Can it be possible that he is contemplating a reduction in the price of oil?—Lowell Mail.

Perhaps They Are

Should think the Thaw skeletons would be all rattled to pieces by this time.—Springfield News.

Important Only When He's Foolish

Such is journalism. Swettenham has a vagary, and it makes columns of front page matter. He resigns, and it gets three lines over on the ninth page.—New York Mail.

SOUTH ELIOT

South Eliot, March 8.

Miss Ham passed Tuesday with friends in Somersworth.

Miss Marion Grant of Portsmouth passed Sunday as the guest of Mrs. H. H. Fyes.

Mr. Gardiner has sold his house here and will shortly move to Portsmouth with his family.

Charles F. Staples of Portsmouth was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. George Wallace still remains seriously ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dixon visited their daughter, Mrs. G. Suel Ramsburg of Somersworth, last week.

The Social Workers connected with the Methodist Church met with Miss Etta A. Cole on Tuesday.

ACTING MAYOR DAVIS

It is now Acting Mayor Davis. The Ward Four councilman assumed charge today (Friday) and will carry out the duties of Mayor Hackett until his return from the West.

WHO WAS IN CHARGE

Miss Susan H., not Miss Frances A. Mathes, was in charge of the latt production of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

CHRIST CHURCH

There will be Evensong at 7.30 o'clock this evening with an address "The Story of the Cross" by the rector.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Archie L. Shepard's Moving Pictures

The arrangement of a good moving picture bill is a task more difficult than that of the arrangement of any other class of entertainment. First of all is required discrimination of a high order, due to the tremendous field of subject matter. It is the master hand that can choose the most popular. Archie L. Shepard makes the claim of doing so. Mr. Shepard's company will be at Music Hall on Wednesday, March 13, afternoon and evening, with a bargain matinee at 2.30; prices ten and twenty cents.

Fresh as Ever

The name of Neil Burgess is associated with "The County Fair", as that of O'Neil is with "Monte Christo" or Denman Thompson with "The Old Homestead." "The County Fair" has lost none of its many charms. Fresh as ever, with Mr. Burgess personally and the full New York cast, it will appear to be seen at Music Hall on March 14.

One of the strongest scenes of "The County Fair" is in the fourth act, giving a realistic race scene with four thoroughbred horses, including the well known "Cold Molasses." The mechanical effects are perfect, making it one of the best rural plays on the stage. Neil Burgess as the inimitable Abigail Prue is uproariously funny, and just as true to country character as ever. The story of "The County Fair" is well known and need not be given here, but it is sufficient to say that all of the excellent features of this drama are preserved with Mr. Burgess personally and his excellent company of players.

Goo-Goo Girls in the Isle of Spice.

Has Written an Opera

Leslie Leigh, whose song, "Peggy Brady," in "The Isle of Spice" has become one of the most popular Irish songs ever written, has almost completed a new comic opera, the story of which is based on some of the more strenuous incidents of President Roosevelt's cowboy life in the West. Miss Leigh will be seen at Music Hall on March 16.

IS IN WASHINGGTON

Lieut Remick Searching for Names of Continental Officers

Lieut. Oliver P. Remick of Kittery is now in Washington, searching the records for Continental officers. He has already found 600, about fifty from Maine.

Lieut. Remick has recently been reelected one of the vice presidents of the Maine Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and is historian of the Paul Jones Club.

The former society has asked the Legislature of Maine to appropriate $500 for a memorial at Valley Forge. Maine had about 500 men at Valley Forge, including officers of various grades as high as the rank of lieutenant colonel. The district of Maine furnished one-ninth of the quota of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War.

The state of Pennsylvania has purchased the land occupied by Washington's camp and made it into a park, with stately memorials. The proposed memorial from Maine will be a granite boulder from that state, having on its face a bronze tablet with a fitting inscription. It will be dedicated next Autumn.

The members of the Paul Jones Club and the Helen Seavey Quilting Party will be invited to be present at the dedication.

The Maine Society, Sons of the American Revolution, has now a list of 959 graves of Revolutionary soldiers, having added 175 names to the list in a year.

ELIOT

Eliot, March 8.

The last meeting of John F. Hill Grange was observed as Longfellow's night and the following program was given:

Piano solo, "Hiawatha," Mrs. Charles Gale
Quotations from Longfellow's poems by members.
Paper, "The Life of Longfellow," Mrs. Frank Worcester
Song, "The Arrow and the Song," Mrs. Charles Drake
Song, "The Bridge," A. W. Nowell
Reading, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Emma Frye
Reading, "My Lost Youth," Mrs. Leander Plaisted
Paper, "Early Home of Longfellow," Inez J. Remick
Reading, "Footsteps of Angels," Mrs. Elizabeth Fernald

At the meeting next Monday evening, State Master O. H. Gardiner is expected to be present and the Kittery and York Granges have been invited to attend the meeting.

At the last meeting a sum of money was voted to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, members of the Grange, who were rendered homeless and lost all their furniture and wearing apparel by a fire last Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been residents of the town but a few years, but much sympathy is expressed for them in their severe loss and a subscription paper is being circulated for their benefit.

The annual town meeting is about due.

The High School closes this week. The district schools closed last week for a vacation of a month.

"Old Acre Folks" will be presented by the Eliot Dramatic Club in the town hall this evening. The following will be the cast of characters:

The deacon, Caleb Evans, Wallace Dixon
His wife, Emma Eliza, Frances Hammond
His son, Jaffrey, Prentis Foster
His daughter, Mary Jane, Lottie Frye
The squire, Aaron Playfair, Ernest Searles
His daughter, Elizabeth Ann, Annie Cole
His housekeeper, Priscilla Print, Etta Leach
The country boy, Ebenezer Ham, James Coleman
The stranger, Job Hardy, E. Harold Searles
The constable, Ike Johnson, E. Harold Searles

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

A BIG MACHINE

A large new locomotive passed through here today (Friday) from the American Locomotive Works, enroute to the Bangor and Aroostook railroad in Maine. The machine is a monster and part of the cab had to be removed to clear the overhead bridges along the route to her destination.

An ungainly, home-made word is "sticktoitiveness," but it spells success in advertising more than in anything else. Don't be a quitter.

LOST THE GOAT

Sad Story of Experience of Two Sailors in Boston

The following story is told by the Boston Globe:

Emil Hendrickson and another sailor from one of the United States warships at Portsmouth navy yard, came to Boston on Thursday to see the sights, and incidentally, Hendrickson being the custodian and chief caretaker of the ship's mascot, a handsome little black and white goat, brought it along under his arm.

Like all sailors out for a good time, they drifted down to the North End, where the pair proved quite an attraction as they walked through the streets, Hendrickson carrying the goat which was somewhat protected from the weather by a red blanket, on which was neatly worked billy's given name, "Spike."

The crooked streets of the North End proved too much for Hendrickson's companion and he became dizzy. It came to the point where Hendrickson had to carry along either his friend or the goat, and as he felt his friend was in greatest need, Hendrickson dropped the goat and lugged his friend for a time.

But the latter broke away, and in short order was nabbed by a policeman and locked up in the Hanover street station, on the charge of drunkenness.

Then Hendrickson suffered a shock. He went to the station house last night, where he told the lieutenant his troubles. He said he had lost the goat and was afraid to venture back to his ship without it, and so begged that his companion be released. The request was denied.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar1tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

WANTED—An experienced stayer hand; also experienced girls on double strip and covering machines. Apply New England Paper Goods Company, Hanover street. M5chM9

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a $5000.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth $7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for $5000.00 while travelling, weekly indemnity which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is $50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only $25.00. The Travelers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

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"AS YE SOW"

Greeted By Large Audience At Music Hall

A large audience greeted the performance of "As Ye Sow" at Music Hall on Thursday Evening and it is not to much to say that the presentation pleased immensely,—at least as much, and more perhaps, than it did on the occasion of its previous appearance in this city.

The cast of characters was an exceptionally strong one and in addition was very evenly ballanced.

Especially good is the scenery carr'd by this company.

MAINE MUNICIPLE JUDGE

Undtr Fire And Removal Demanded Yesterday

Agusta, Mt., March 7.—Charging that Harry J. Chapman, judge of the Bangor municiple court, has "willfully and grossly" refused to convict persons accused of violating the prohibitory liquor laws, Rev. Henry N. Pringle of Waterville, associate secrtary of the Maine Civic League, presented in the Maine House of Representatives, today, an address to the Governor, asking for Judge Chapman's removal from office. The action, if successful, will have the same effect as impeachment proceedings.

It is claimed in the address that the Judge has refused to convict liquor dealers in cases where the evidence has been so strong and convincing that there could be no reasonable doubt of guilt; that he has tried and acquitted such violators of the law without having them present in court that he has shown favoritism and arranged them outside the dock, usually in his office; that he has held warrants for long periods after drawing and before serving them, and then settled the cases by telephone without arraingement or trial in court; that he has refused to issue warrants against persans advertising intoxicating liquors; that he is a stockholder director and president of a Bangor cigar company and that he has used his judicial position to promote the business of the company by discriminating in his decisions and judgements in favor of liquor dealers who are customers of the cigar company; that, without authority of law, he has reverced his decisions after sentencing liquor dealers to jail and after repeal has been regularly entered and allowed.

TWO NEW HORSES

Purchased for Service in Portsmouth Fire Department

Two new horses have been purchased for the Portsmouth fire department and the animals were on Thurcday afternoon taken to their new quarters at the central station on Court street.

The horses were purchased of R. H. Beacham and Son. Their color is chestnut and they are large, strong animals.

INITIATES NINE

Wentworth Lodge Of New Castle To Get Busy This Evening

Wentworth Lodge, No. 22, Knights of Pythias, New Castle, will initiate a class of nine into the second rank this evening.

A chowder supper will be served, and a party from the city will attend.

CHIMNEY FIRE

Results in Damage Amounting to About $200

Fire in the house, 1 Rock street, occupied by Mrs. Maria Robinson and owned by Miss Frances A. Mathes, called out the chemical on Thursday afternoon.

The fire started in a chimney and damage was done to the amount of not far from $200.

FIFTY TO SEVENTEEN

Portsmouth Beaten by That Score at Newport

Portsmouth's basketball team was very badly beaten at Newport on Thursday evening, the score being fifty to seventeen. Follansbee and Mathieu did the best work for the team from this city.

The summary:

Newport (50)		(17) Portsmouth
Doyle, lf	rg.	Sheridan
Barraclough, rf	lg.	Fields
McGuigan, c	c.	Follansbee
Bull, lg	rf.	Cragen
Glon, rg	lf.	Mathieu

Score—Newport 50, Portsmouth 17. Goals from floor—McGuigan 9, Doyle 5, Barraclough 4, Bull 4, Glon 2, Follansbee 2, Mathieu 2, Sheridan 2. Goals from fouls—Portsmouth 5, Newport 2. Referee—Conners. Timekeeper—Gray. Time—Three fifteen minute peeriods.

Dartmouth lost another game on Thursday evening, being beaten by Tufts at Medford, twenty-three to seventeen. Tufts won the game as a result of Wilson's accuracy in throwing goals from fouls.

MONTHLY SUPPER

Given by Ladies' Social Circle of Universalist Church

In the vestry of the Universalist Churbh on Thursday evening, the Ladies' Social Circle gave its regular mouthly supper. There was the usual large company present and the viands prepared by the ladies of the church were very appetizing.

The following was the bill of fare:

Baked Beans
Pickles Olives
Cold Corned Beef
Brown Bread Rolls
Cake
Coffee

Mrs. Mary S. Cole was at the head of the committee in charge.

After the supper, there was an informal but pleasing entertainment.

ENJOYED WHIST

Vincent Club Entertained by Miss Margaret Fletcher

The Vincent Club met at the home of Miss Margaret Fletcher on Thursday evening and enjoyed whist from eight until ten o'clock.

Miss Florence Ridge was awarded the prize fo rthe highest score, which was a fancy box of linen paper. During the evening, vocal and instrumental music was rendered and dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Annie Muckmore will next entertain the club.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The boom in mining interests throughout the country during the past two years has greatly increased the number of investors in this class of securities and holders of large and small amounts are eagerly seeying daily news of the market and of the mining districts. In such matters the New York Commercial has grown to be known as the leading authority ad ivestors ca do no better than read its columns daily.

The financial and insurance departments are among the strongest in the country and the dry goods, grocery, drug, metal and provision market reports are accepted by those in the various lines as most valuable and authoritative.

One druggist who owns two or three stores in New Jersey states that he has saved thousands of dollars by keeping in touch with the market through the columns of The Commercial. As a business proposition business men will find in a subscription to the New York Commercial a valuable asset.

NEW HATS AND NEW SHIRTS

For Spring are in. All the latest ideas in Hat styles, both soft and stiff—all the new designs and colorings in Shirtings. "Lamson and Hubbard" and "Stetson" Hats—"Bates St" and "Stag Brand" Shirts.

HENRY PEYSER & SON,
"Selling the Togs of the Period."

119TH ANNUAL

(Continued from first page)

United States Navy

Original, John Jackson, surgeon, Revolutionary navy;

1818, Nathaniel Lyde, purser;

1835, George W. Storer, rear admiral;

1845, Samuel Larkin, commander;

1845, Alexander J. Rice, assistant surgeon;

1846, John A. Bates, pay director;

1847, George F. Pearson, rear admiral;

1847, George M. White, captain;

1852, Charles W. Pickering, commodore;

1865, Alexander Murray, rear admiral;

1867, William G. Temple, rear admiral;

1867, James R. May, acting assistant surgeon;

1869, Gouverneur K. Haswell, lieutenant commander;

1869, A. Eugene Watson, pay director;

1869, Enoch G. Parrott, rear admiral;

1870, Arthur R. Yates, captain;

1870, Henry K. Thatcher, rear admiral;

1870, Joseph M. Bradford, captain;

1871, Stephen Rand, pay director;

1871, John W. Moore, chief engineer;

1872, William W. Low, captain;

1873, Samuel F. Coues, medical director;

1877, Robert C. Peirce, acting assistant paymaster;

1878, Edward May, pay director;

1879, David B. Macomb, chief engineer;

1881, Robert F. Bradford, captain;

1883, Stephen Decatur, lieutenant;

1883, William Winder, commander;

1884, Arthur C. Heffenger, passed assistant surgeon;

1884, P. C. Johnson, commodore;

1884, James K. Cogswell, rear admiral;

1886, William H. Everett, rear admiral;

1890, Joseph Foster, pay director;

1891, Charles C. Carpenter, rear admiral;

1891, Mortimer L. Johnson, rear admiral;

1897, J. Louis Harris, acting ensign;

United States Marine Corps

1844, D. D. Baker, captain;

1879, Arthur L. Watson, first lieutenant.

Following are the present members of the society:

James R. May, admitted November 1867;

John W. Moore, admitted November, 1871;

Edward May, admitted November, 1878;

Frank Goodwin, admitted March, 1879;

David B. Macomb, admitted November, 1879;

Joseph W. Peirce, admitted November, 1879;

Wallace Hackett, admitted November, 1883;

Arthur C. Heffenger, admitted November, 1884;

John W. Parsons, admitted November, 1884;

John J. Berry, admitted November, 1887;

Frank S. Preston, admitted November, 1880;

Joseph Foster, admitted March, 1890;

Frederick M. Sise, admitted March, 1890;

Mortimer L. Johnson, admitted December, 1891;

James A. Spalding, admitted November, 1895;

S. Ellery Jennison, admitted November, 1895;

Robert O. Treadwell, admitted March, 1896;

George F. Evans, admitted March, 1899;

Charles H. Fish, admitted March, 1899;

Fielding Bradford, admitted March, 1900;

Stephen Decatur, admitted March 1901;

Charles C. Hall, admitted March, 1901;

Charles E. Wentworth, admitted March, 1901;

William E. Marvin, admitted March, 1901;

Thomas W. Luce, admitted November, 1904;

Thomas H. Simes, admitted March, 1905;

T. W. Penhallow, admitted March, 1906;

Charles F. Sawyer, admitted November, 1906;

Edwin B. Bartlett, admitted November, 1906.

CLEARED $947.75

The sum cleared by Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias, as a result of its recent fair, was $947.75.

MAINE DISAPPROVES FAST DAY

Augusta, Me., March 8—The bill abolishing Fast day as a legal holiday and substituting in its place Patriots' day was passed to be enacted in the Maine House of Representatives on Thursday.

Try This For Your Cough.

Mix half ounce of the pure Virgin Oil of Pine with two ounces of Glycerine and half pint of Whisky. Use in teaspoonful doses. A famous throat and lung specialist, whose camp for consumptives in the pine woods of Maine has attracted great attention, declares the above formula will break up a cold in twenty-four hours, heal the lungs and cure any cough that is curable. The ingredients can be secured from any drug store at small cost.

Care chould be exercised in securing the best quality of Glycerine and Whisky, while the Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased only in the original half ounce vials, which are securely sealed in a round wooden case, with engraved wrapper, with the name Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) plainly printed thereon. Cheap or adulterated Oils, which are sold in bulk, always create nausea, and never effect the desired results.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor March 7

No arrivals.

Sailed

Schooner George W. Wells, York, from Baltimore for Portland (from outside).

Fishermen in Port

Schooners Dixie, Dorothy, sloop Edith L., Columbia, Mystic Belle.

Wind westerly, moderate.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Boston, March 7—Sailed, barge No. 9, from Baltimore for Portsmouth

Cape Henry, March 7—Passed, schooner Independent, Farrow, Baltimore for Portsmouth.

Hyannis, March 7—In port, schooner Thomas B. Garland, Nickerson, South Amboy for Hall's Quarry, Me.

Portland, March 5—Sailed, barge (late bark) Gatherer, Norfolk, in tow (built in 1784 at Bath, 1377 tons).

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate of local interest in the county of Rockingham for the week ending March 6, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Brentwood—Arthur B. Smith, Haverhill, Mass., to Carroll R. Fellows, land in Brentwood and Fremont, $1.

Epping—George H. Miller to Matthew Harvey, land, $1.

Hampton—Ira Atkinson to Otis H. Whittier, land, $1.

Portsmouth—George Brooks to Annie Brooks, lots 16 in Elmwood and 276 in Prospect park annex, $1; Freeman R. Garrett to Sugden Brothers, land and buildings on Green street, $1.

Stratham—DeWitt C. Jewell to James C. Piper, land, $1; other land, $1.

Wonderful Power of Light.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light recently received a curious illustration in the silver mines of Laurium. A mine had been abandoned 2,000 years, when some poppy seed was found beneath the slag. The slag being removed, in a short time the entire space was covered with the most gorgeous show of poppies. After 20 centuries' rest they had bloomed as vigorously as if they had been borne by flowers of yesterday.

Famous Old Bowling Green.

Bowling Green was the cradle of New York city. It was the center of New Amsterdam. Where the new custom house is stood the old Dutch fort. No. 1 Broadway was successively the home and headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, and Talleyrand lived there during his stay in this country. On the borders of the green were the homes of Benedict Arnold, General Gates and Robert Fulton.

Limit of Economy.

"I don't mind a young man economizing when he is out with me," sighed the girl," but it seems to me that when he takes you in a penny-in-the-slot machine parlor, drops a penny in a slot and hands you one of the ear things while he takes the other, the limit has just about been reached. Of course you can hear the opera almost as well with one ear, but how does it look?"

Reporting in England.

"Witness was at the house at about three o'clock on the previous afternoon, and he saw Priestley through the window. He rang the bell and the maid answered the door, but declined to open it, and told him to go to a warm place. He had been there about four times previously, but had not seen Priestley." — Southport Guardian.

LITTLE CHANCE FOR SUITS

Actions Against Joy Line Likely To Be Few

Providence, R. I., March 8—It has come to light here that all persons having damage suits against the Joy Line Company for the loss of life on the steamer Larchmont, can recover only a share of the steamer, if she be found, in proportion to their claims. They cannot recover damages from the company.

A prominent attorney of this city has several suits filed against the Joy Line Company in connection with the recent Larchmont disaster, and the United States statutes were consulted. Byt the act of 1851, the owners of the vessel are enabled to limit their liabilities to the vessel itself. As soon as the damage suits are filed a trustee can be appointed, and if the steamer can be found he can take charge of it.

As soon as this trustee is appointed notices will immediately be served and all suits anywhere in the country will be stopped at once. Then, if the vessel is found the claims involved in the suits can be settled only in proportion to the amount obtained for the sunken steamer.

The law has also been interpreted by the United States courts to mean that nothing besides the value of the steamer can be secured. Even the insurance from the loss of the steamer is exempt.

TESTIMONIAL DINNER

For Former President Cleveland On 70th Birthday

New York, March 8.—Some of the leading Democrats of New York are discussing plans for a dinner or some other form of testimonial in honor of ex-President Grover Cleveland on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Mr. Cleveland will be seventy years old on March 18. While that is not a great age it is much greater that many of his predecessors in the presidency attained. In fact only ten of the twenty-two men who preceded Mr. Cleveland lived as long as he has lived.

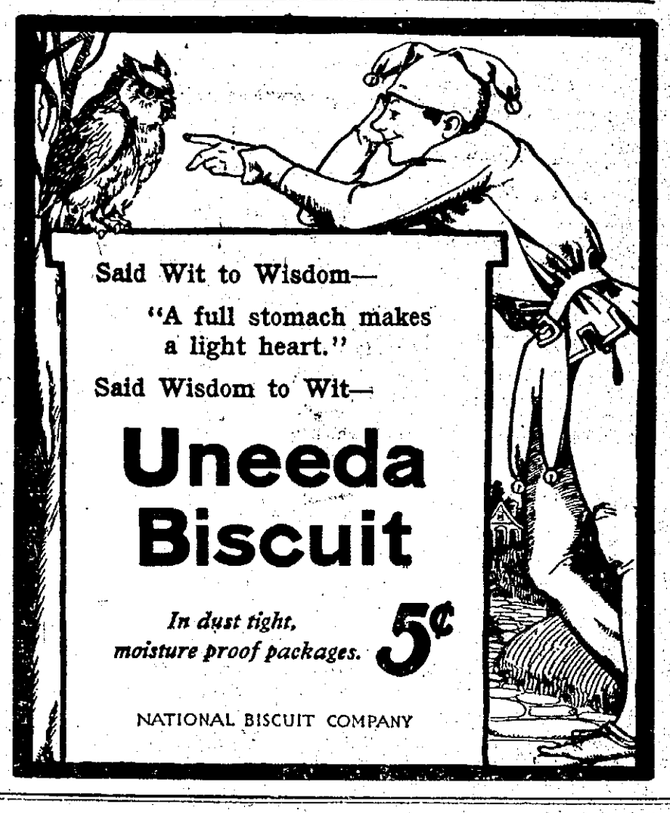
It is now twenty-two years since Mr. Cleveland first assumed the burdens of the White House. Only five other presidents lived so long after their inaugurations, and these were the two Adamases, Jefferson, Madison, VanBuren and Fillmore. No president inaugurated in the past half century, except Mr. Cleveland, has survived his inauguration for more than sixteen years, which was the record of Gen. Grant.

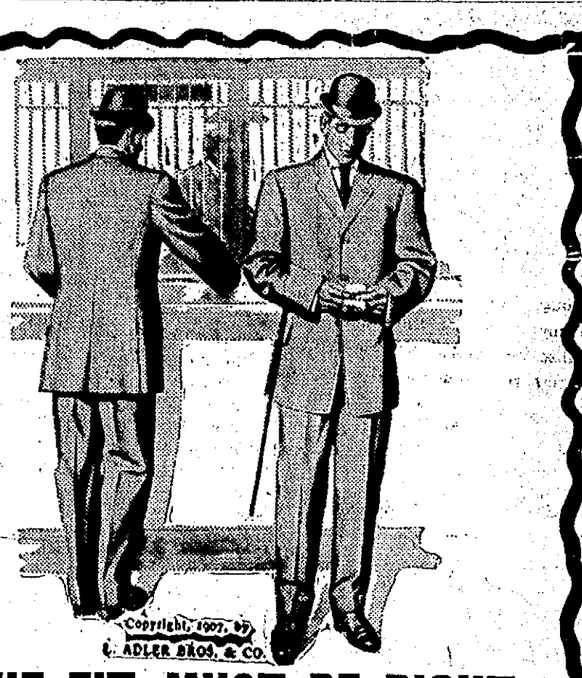
Mr. Cleveland's devotion to fishing and hunting and other forms of outdoor enjoyment have kept him robust and healthy and he is far from being an old man, as the term is usually understood. His abilities have shown not the least signs of failure. In magazine articles, in his lectures to the students at Princeton and in his recent addresses at public meetings and banquets, all of the old power characterized his work in public office were to be seen as plainly as ever.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation, 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Thomas E. Call & Son
— DEALERS IN —
Eastern and Western
LUMBER
SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC.,
For Cash at Lowest Market Prices.
Market Street,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

REVERE HOUSE
BOWDOIN SQUARE,
BOSTON.
Under new management.
Single rooms with use of bath, $1.00
Rooms with bath, $1.50.
Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.
Headquarters for Frank Jones' Ales and broil live lobster.
R. S. Harrison, Proprietor.





THE FIT MUST BE RIGHT

No other excellence in clothing can attone for a poor fit; and many men in this town are paying high prices to assure themselves of a good fit. They get it at the crack merchant tailors'—they can get it here, too for a great deal less price did they but know it.

Yes, we give a fit in Le Adler Bro's. and Co's Rochester—made clothes at $16.00 to $25.00 that is entirely satisfactory. These clothes are made from merchant tailor patterns and are therefore different from other ready made attire in this, as in all other respects. Selling agents.

N. H. Beane & Co.
Outfitters From Head To Foot
No. 3 Congress St.
FORMERLY FAY STORE.

AMES' BUTTER & TEA STORE
35 Congress St., Portsmouth.
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, TEA AND COFFEE
AT LOWEST PRICES.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

A New Hotel
at the Old Stand
$250,000 has not been spent
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HOTEL EMPIRE
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Restaurant and Service Unexcelled
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Most Modern Improvements
All surface carspass or transfer to door
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Moderate Rates
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Your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.
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Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

PACIFIC COAST
AT
REDUCED RATES,
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BRITISH COLUMBIA,
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C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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CARE OF CUT GLASS

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES EASILY SPOILED BY MISUSE.

Slightest Scratch Made While Washing or Wiping Means the End of Usefulness of that Particular Utensil.

In reply to an inquiry how to clean cut glass "The Up-to-Date Waitress" gives the following: Wash the glass, one piece at a time, using a soft brush as needed. Great care must be taken with the pans, towels, cloth and water used in washing and wiping glass. If glass be scratched in any way, even slightly, it is weakened, and is almost sure to break at that point. One grain of sand, such as is often seen in the bottom of a pan in which lettuce or spinach has been washed, has been the occasion for the loss of many a piece of fine glass.

Glass that is deeply cut is not easily dried; the moisture remains in the crevices. Bury the glass as soon as dried in a box of fine boxwood or basswood sawdust (sawdust from woods of a resinous nature are best for this purpose). Let the glass stand half an hour or longer, then remove from the box, and brush with a soft cloth or chamois. Spread the sawdust out to dry, then set aside to use again.

Japanese lamp shades grow more beautiful each season. A few years ago it was almost impossible to find artistic shades, except those that were made to order, and they were expensive. The Japanese have solved the problem in inexpensive lamp shades. Many attractive paper designs are shown in the shops. The frames are of wood, lacquered black, and treated in such a way that they are not affected by heat. The paper is tough and of transparent quality. The decorations are by native artists, in simple but rich tones, and are very effective. The Japanese bowls for lamps are the prettiest, but there are some good shapes in American pottery that combine well with Japanese shades. The bowls should be plain, but if a little decoration is desired, it ought to be simple.

Occasionally, a tired member of the family, or perhaps one who is ill, may wish breakfast served in his or her room. A dainty individual service makes the fitting out of the tray an easy task. But in case one has not indulged in this luxury, select the daintiest china. Have the linen spotless, and the silver glistening. Let the eggs be cooked just right, the baked potato rolled in a napkin, and the toast well covered. Make the tray attractive by laying the fresh fruit on green leaves, and garnish the broiled fish or chop with parsley or cress. If eggs are to form the breakfast, they should be removed from the shells, or if poached, garnished with a bit of green.

Good Appetizer.

Very large French prunes opened and stuffed with Indian curry and rice are one of the appetizers now in vogue. The rice stuffing is boiled long enough to completely lose its shape and to become a soft, somewhat sticky mass. The curry sauce mixed through it then is made very hot. The insides of the largest available prunes are then removed to afford space for the filling and are taken and boiled down into a thick syrup. The prunes at length are placed on a circular bit of toast, while the syrup is poured over the whole. It is customary to serve this appetizer slightly warm, two prunes being allotted to each dish.

Jam Pudding.

Line a buttered bake dish with a good puff paste. For a batter allow two eggs and their weight in butter and in dried and sifted flour. Cream the butter and sugar, whip in the yolks, beaten smooth, and then the frothed whites, alternately, with the flour, which has been sifted twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Now spread the puff paste in the bake dish with peach jam, or with preserved peaches, mixed with a tablespoonful of preserved ginger, cut fine. Pour the batter upon this prepared bed and bake in a steady oven. Cover with paper as you would cake, removing to brown after the pudding has puffed up well.

It is really very nice when properly made, although un-American in construction.

Before Luncheon Titbit.

Before luncheon small bits of dried herring are frequently passed about as appetizers. When this is done each guest helps himself to two or three pieces, places them on his bread and butter plates and nibbles away as his fancy pleases. The herring is dry and unobjectionable to the touch, so it is picked up between the fingers. Sometimes a little Graham biscuit is served at the same time, and the two together afford excellent opportunities for nibbling before the luncheon proper is served.

When Washing Lace Curtains.

When the lace curtains are ready to be washed, baste a narrow strip of muslin along each outer edge and let it remain until the washing and drying process is completed and you will find your curtains are straight and do not sag as usual.

For Table Use.

Rub smooth a quarter cupful mustard with a teaspoonful olive oil and a teaspoonful each onion juice, sugar and paprika. When well blended add vinegar to make consistency required, then bottle.

THE SUCCULENT MINCE PIE.

Ingredients Needed For This Most Appetizing Winter Dessert.

Weigh after it is chopped three pounds lean, tender beef. Add to it a pound and a quarter of suet, chopped and freed from strings, six pounds tart apples, preferably Baldwins or greenings, chopped, six pounds sugar, four pounds seeded raisins, three pounds currants washed and dried, one-half pound citron cut in thin shreds, three pints sweet cider, one quart of stock in which the meat was boiled, three pints cider boiled down thick, three tablespoonfuls powdered cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls cloves, one teaspoonful each mace, allspice and nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls salt, one teaspoonful white pepper, one pint molasses, three pints jelly and as much more juice of preserves or jelly as the housewife may elect. Brandy, sherry or rose water may be added at the last if desired. Chopped prunes are deemed better than currants by some cooks, while candied orange or lemon peel, a little cold tea or coffee may always be added with advantage. This mince meat may be scalded before putting in the brandy or simply canned in glass jars or stone pots without cooking, its richness insuring its keeping. For the flat dweller, with no store room facilities, this amount of mince meat might have to be halved or quartered, but with a good cellar or cold storage room the amount will be found just about right to last the winter for the average family with normal appetites.

TO SERVE WITH ROAST BEEF.

New England Yorkshire Pudding a Palatable Accessory.

I often wished to have on my table the famous pudding which accompanies "the roast beef of Old England," but in my modern American kitchen I had no way of suspending a roast over the batter while cooking. Besides, my taste ran to light fluffy things made with baking powder, and my one attempt at using the old English recipe for Yorkshire pudding turned out a heavy, soggy affair. One day I used a little ingenuity with my recipe and since then the pudding has been a welcome addition to a roast beef course in my home. I take a pint of sweet milk, a pinch of salt, three beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and enough flour to make a batter of the consistency of pancake batter. I pour about one-fourth of a cupful of hot gravy from the roast into a hot dripping pan, put the batter in, letting the fat gravy spread to the sides of the pan, and then I scatter more gravy over the batter in little puddles, and bake it 20 minutes in a hot oven. Cut into squares with a heated knife and served with the roast beef as hot as possible, it is very palatable—Housekeeper.

To Clean Rag Rugs.

A rag rug, after months of hard usage, should be thoroughly beaten, then hung up on the clothesline and a full force of water from a garden hose should be turned on it. After the rug is well dampened, a washing powder must be rubbed into the tufting and the water continued until the water that runs off begins to look clear. Let it drain well, then turn on a third stream for a final rinse. Leave it on the line until dry. Unbleached cotton and linen can be bleached in a similar manner and save much labor. Pin the cotton securely on the line, drench it thoroughly with the hose and leave it hanging; as soon as it is dry renew the spraying.

Tea Cake.

Sift four cupfuls of dried flour into a bowl and chop into it a scant cupful of butter. Dissolve half a yeast cake in four tablespoonfuls of warm water and stir it into two cupfuls of milk, or enough to make a soft dough. Roll this out into a sheet and cut into cakes as large as a tea plate and less than half an inch thick. Set them, covered lightly, in a warm place until they have nearly trebled in thickness. Bake in a floured pan. Keep them covered for 20 minutes, then brown.

Run a sharp knife around the edge, tear the cake open, buttter and serve upon a plate lined and covered with a heated napkin.

Jack London as a Cook.

Jack London's recipe for the cooking of wild duck is so simple that it just misses attaining the distinction of being the easiest cooking formula known: "Stuff the duck with a bunch of celery, or spread the interior of the carcass liberally with celery salt. Then roast for 14 minutes." If you are duly exact about following this rule your duck will be blood rare, and, if you will do nothing to it save dust it with salt and paprika, it will simply melt in your mouth—February Bohemian.

Postage Stamps.

It is often desired to separate postage stamps that are stuck together without destroying the gum.

This can be done by dipping the stamps in water for a few seconds only, shaking off the excess of water and heating with a match as much as possible without burning.

The heat expands the water between the stamps and separates them, so that they can be easily pulled apart, and are ready for use.

Salad Dressing

Two cups of milk, two tablespoons corn starch, moistened with some of the milk, four tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of salt, one small tablespoon of dry mustard, three eggs beaten well, two tablespoons of butter, one cup of vinegar.

ALL OF CHOCOLATE

CONFECTIONS FOR LUNCHEON OR AFTERNOON TEA.

Beverage, Cookies, Biscuits and Cake All Provided for—Every Requisite for Quiet Afternoon With Congenial Company.

A Chocolatiere.—A chocolatiere is distinctly a woman's function, frequently taking the place of afternoon tea. The refreshments all have chocolate in some form. There is hot chocolate with whipped cream to drink, chocolate ice cream, chocolate cakes with white frosting or white cakes with chocolate frosting and chocolate bonbons. As chocolate is apt to become cloying when no other flavor is employed the sandwiches are preferably of plain bread and butter, while olives stuffed or plain and salted nuts fit in well with the chocolate scheme.

Vienna Chocolate.—Put into a double boiler one or one and a half scant quarts milk and heat nearly to the boiling point. Cut four ounces chocolate in fine bits and put into a small granite ware or iron saucepan with a level salt spoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar and two tablespoonfuls hot water. Cook until smooth and shiny and do not be afraid of cooking too long. Now whisk into the hot milk beating lightly with a Dover egg beater. Flavor with vanilla or cinnamon and serve at once, putting a tablespoonful whipped cream in each cup and filling up with the chocolate. Cooking the chocolate in this way prevents it from settling in the cups and does away with the greasy taste that many object to.

Chocolate Cookies.—Beat to a cream a half cup butter, measured generously. Add gradually, beating thoroughly, one cup sugar, a teaspoonful cinnamon, salt spoonful salt, and two ounces chocolate melted. Add one well beaten egg and a half teaspoonful soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls milk with flour to enable you to roll the dough thin. It will take about two and a half cups, but put in no more than absolutely necessary. Cut in circles and bake in a quick oven. As fast as baked take from the pan, rolling each cookie on the molding board to make its edges even and perfect.

Cocoa Biscuits.—These are nice to serve with tea. To make them sift together one pint of flour that has been sifted, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder, two level teaspoonfuls sugar, a salt spoonful salt and four scant tablespoonfuls butter, then stir in enough milk to make a firm but not stiff dough. Toss out on a lightly floured board, put on the desired thickness, cut into tiny circles (a canister top an inch in diameter is good cutter), place together in a pan and bake in a very hot oven ten or 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Chocolate Petit Fours.—Make a light plain sponge cake, using two eggs, one cup sugar, a cup and a quarter of flour, a gill of cold water, a tablespoonful baking powder, and an ounce grated chocolate. Beat three minutes, then pour the batter in two pans and bake in a moderate over about 20 minutes. When done lift one sheet from the pan and spread with half glass jelly, any kind preferred, then press the other sheet over it. When cool cut into diamonds, squares or triangles, ice with a plain white icing or a chocolate glace.

To Keep Windows Neat.

They should be cleaned regularly once a week.

Do not wash them while the sun is shining on them.

The first thing to do is to wipe the dust off with a dry cloth.

With a small whisk broom flick the dust from the blinds.

Wipe the sills free from dust, also, before starting to wash.

Do not use soap on the windows. Take borax, pearline or ammonia, in warm water.

Little water is needed. To flood the windows makes twice as much work.

Use chamois, or a piece of old flannel, or fine unbleached cheesecloth.

As soon as washed, rinse and wring chamois and rub swiftly over the glass, or use a clean dry cloth.

A soft cloth moistened in alcohol adds luster to the glass. Tissue paper is also good to polish with.

To Save Table Surface.

The old-fashioned crochet and straw mats to save the surface of a polished table from the damaging effects of hot dishes are no longer used by the up-to-date housekeeper. You can now get sheets of asbestos cloth, which can be cut up into any desired size and covered with white linen cases. They can be made plain or embroidered with an initial or monogram. The case is made to button at one end, thus allowing frequent laundering. These mats, already covered, can be bought.

New Way to Bake Potatoes.

Take off the rear covers of your range and place the potatoes in the space on the top of the oven and replace the covers. It is well to turn when about half done; the drafts of the stove may be left closed, and in an hour or less the potatoes are evenly done. This with no watching or extra fire.

When Boiling Vegetables.

Put a lump of sugar in with the green vegetables you are about to boil, and it will greatly improve their flavor, and also retain their color.

HOW TO POLISH A TABLE.

Work Can Be Done Easily and Satisfactorily at Home.

Get a pint of linseed oil, a pint of parraffin oil, half a pound of finely powdered rotten stone and a pint of turpentine. These materials will last you a year or more for your table or other furniture which requires special polishing.

Have a couple of pieces of an old felt hat, some pieces of cheesecloth and a large piece of well worn soft linen; or, instead of the linen, a piece of chamois.

Pour linseed oil on the marred places, then sprinkle with the powdered rotten stone; rub with the piece of felt.

Let the movement be light, quick and circular; be careful not to use pressure enough to cut the varnish; rub until the surface of the wood becomes hot.

Be careful not to let the rotten stone become dry, as it then would scratch the finish; add oil from time to time, and if needs be rotten stone.

When the table is sufficiently polished wipe clean with an equal mixture of turpentine and parraffin oil; rub the table well with this, and let it stand for several hours; then polish with chamois or old linen.

In polishing furniture you can use a great deal of pressure.

MANY USES FOR TURPENTINE.

Is Real Friend to Housekeeper In Variety of Ways.

There are few housekeepers that are not familiar with some of the numerous uses of turpentine, and as the advantage over many remedies whose oders are offensive.

Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains from linen.

A few drops added to water in which clothes are boiled will whiten them.

It will exterminate roaches if sprinkled in their haunts.

Moths will leave if it is sprinkled about.

Turpentine will remove wheel grease, pitch and tar stains.

A few drops on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes nicely.

Clean gilt frames with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

Ivory knife handles that have become yellow can be restored to their former whiteness by rubbing with turpentine.

Carpets can be cleaned and colors restored by going over occasionally with a broom dipped in warm water in which a little turpentine is added.

An equal mixture of turpentine and linseed oil will remove white marks from furniture caused by water.

Moisten stove blacking with water and it will not burn off.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Clean paint smoked by kerosene lamps with kerosene and rub it off with a fresh cloth.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke.

In cleaning papier mache articles, use a sponge moistened with cold water. They may be polished with flour and a flannel cloth.

Lime-water will sweeten jars and jugs which soap and water fail to cleanse. It is admirable for cleansing milk vessels and nursing bottles.

Half a lemon dipped in salt and rubbed on discolored ivory knife handles will restore them to their original whiteness. After doing this wash the knives once in hot water.

The fishy taste in wild game, if objected to, can be removed by putting a small onion, cut finely, into the carcass directly it is cleaned. Remove this before cooking and burn it at once, for it will smell very offensively.

Light Spice Cake.

Cream half a cup of butter and beat the yolks of four eggs very light, then gradually beat one cup of sugar into each, and finally beat the two together. Pass through sieve, together, three cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and one and three-quarters spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Add these to the butter mixture alternately with one cup of milk, and finally beat in the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in two loaf pans about 50 minutes.

Sauce for Cold Meats.

Serve left-over cold roasts with a curry sauce. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add a minced onion, six or seven peppercorns, a bit of mace and half a bay leaf and cook until the onion is tender. Then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of curry powder, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and a little salt, a cup and a half of boiling water and a tablespoonful of beef juice. Cook slowly five minutes, stirring constantly.

Dainty Trimming of Remnants.

There is a mixture to be found among trimmings which can be imitated by the needlewoman who picks up remnants. Embroidered lawn is edged with imitation Irish crochet lace or valenciennes. Broiderie Anglaise will edge a strip of ecru embroidered muslin galloon. This is effective, especially on muslin gowns. Pearl buttons are a favorite addition to the trimming of these light gowns.

Small Beer.

For this use a gallon of water, a handful of hops, a pint of bran, a half pint of molasses, a cup of yeast and one spoonful of ginger. Proceed as with root beer.

VAST WEALTH OURS

UNITED STATES RICHEST COUNTRY ON EARTH.

Outstripping Anything That Ever Has Been Known in History Is the Measure of Uncle Sam's Affluence.

The United States is the wealthiest country in the world. In the brief span of its young life this infant nation of ours has broken all records relating to the accumulation of riches, and we are beginning to think of billions instead of millions. Take it any way you like, and the measure of our affluence outstrips anything that has ever been known before, says the New York Sun.

Our country has more actual money, more gold, a larger volume of exports, greater banking facilities, richer farms, more productive mines, more millionaires, more well-to-do tradesmen, more independent farmers, more highly paid laborers and a greater distribution of the luxuries which riches bring than any other nation has ever enjoyed since time began.

One day last October Uncle Sam had gathered into his money storehouse in Washington the greatest amount of gold ever collected at one place in the history of the world—gold representing $871,893,899. This was indeed a high-water mark. We had there in one little room more gold than was in circulation in Great Britain.

The largest receipt ever given, the greatest money trust ever undertaken in history, was when the present treasurer of the United States, Charles H. Treat, went into office. He receipts to Ellis H. Roberts, the retiring treasurer, for all the money and securities in the vaults of the treasury, a total of $1,259,598,278.58. It required from July 1 to September 5 to count the money, and at the completion of the task the accounts balanced to a fraction.

The costliest governmental establishment in the world is the British navy, upon which a billion and a half has been expended within the last ten years. Yet three individual Americans—Rockefeller, Carnegie and Clark—could have paid the whole bill and still have some pocket money left. The United States is now spending about a hundred millions a year on its navy, and we are now at this kind of expenditure. That we are not investing more than we can afford is shown by the fact that our display-loving women spent $100,000,000 for diamonds purchased in foreign lands during the last two years. In fact, we are so rich that the sales of produce and manufactured articles that we are sending abroad each year is equal to a sum sufficient to support all the navies in the world.

When it comes to individual wealth we have a dozen citizens who are worth more than all the kings and rulers of the world, taken collectively or severally. The czar of Russia is reputed to have a greater income than any other living man, but his private fortune is so mixed up with the governmental revenues that it is impossible to separate them. If a distinction could be made John D. Rockefeller could undoubtedly make a comparison with the weak-spined Nicholas, and show the biggest pile. The Russian monarch's wealth is the accumulation of an empire, centuries old in the making, while the Ohio oil magnate can remember when he had nothing.

To say that the total valuation of the wealth of the United States is $107,000,000,000 is not understandable. A hundred billion dollars is such a pile of money that the simple mind cannot grasp its meaning on the instant. It is more than twice the total amount of the wealth of the United Kingdom, of France, or of Germany; and over three times that of Russia or of Austria-Hungary. Probably the best way of illustrating the actual extent of Uncle Sam's riches is to state that if he could convert all his assets into money he would have nearly four times as much as would be required to pay off the entire national debt of all the governments in the world, including his own.

Cost $1,400 to Collect $1.

The most expensive member of Uncle Sam's custom service is the collector of the port of the Little Egg harbor (Pa.) district. It's not his fault, however. He's just as vigilant as the hawks of the great port of New York, where it costs about three or four cents to collect one dollar of customs. Dutiable goods seldom come into Tuckerton, and when 40 cents was returned to Secretary Shaw as the total customs receipts for this district, Collector Frank Willing Leach didn't send with it a letter of apology. He just knew that he couldn't help it if it had cost Uncle Sam at the rate of about $1,400 a year to collect a dollar.

Mr. Leach was formerly secretary to Senator Quay. His appointment to the colectorship two years ago at a salary of about $500 annually was a surprise, for it was not known that he was a candidate. He's willing to keep the place, however, and even made a fight to save his district from being abolished, as it is likely to be along with a number of others were the cost of collection is enormously out of proportion to the receipts.

Retort Courteous.

He (mockingly)—Most men like "the soft pillow of a woman's mind."

She (cattingly)—Yes, because they feel they need somebody else's opinion to bolster them up.

TALE OF FELINE SAGACITY.

Wondrous Story Wasted on Circle of Unbelievers.

"I've got an old tom cat at my house that once saved nine lives."

"That's easy," butted in the man who had his feet on the table. "He dodged the flatiron that you threw at him."

"Perhaps he got tired of being starved at your house and crawled away to some neighbor's," suggested the man with the baggy-kneed trousers.

"Your shrewdness does you infinite credit, gentlemen," said the first speaker, handing each of them a cheap cigar. "Permit me to reward you. But you don't quite guess it. This cat, in nosing around the premises, found a pitcher of cream. He stuck his head down into it. It was a tight fit, but he managed to get his head inside. Then he was in a fix. His nose was in the cream, and he couldn't get his head back through the opening. Any other cat would have suffocated to death inside of—"

"Why," interrupted the man with the green goggles, "didn't he—"

"Jam the pitcher against the floor and break it? I knew you would ask that question. He couldn't. It was made of pewter. I am telling this story, please remember, and don't cut in again. This cat was confused for a moment, of course. Any cat would have been. He clawed around a little, and stuck his tail up in the air, but he didn't make any sound. He had sense enough to know that he couldn't carry on a conversation with the outside world while his nose and mouth were buried in thick cream. He squatted down and seemed to consider the matter. Then he acted. He had made up his mind. He felt his way to the nearest wall, and when he found it he reared up on his hind feet and stuck his head, with that cream pitcher on it, straight up in the air and stood there. That inverted the pitcher, you know, and the cream began to ooze out and run down on the floor. Presently his tail began to wag leisurely, as if to convey the assurance to the watchers that he was all right. He could breathe again. Then he sat down on the floor and proceeded to push the pitcher off his head with his forepaws. He wasn't in any hurry about it. He knew there would be no trouble. The cream had lubricated his head, and it slipped out just as easy as—"

But his hearers had filed out. They said there was a point at which lying ceased to be merely a sin and became a crime.

Natives Can't Swim.

A Washington man tells of a recent visit to a benighted section of a southwestern state—a region so uninviting and unpromising that even the residents thereof evince for it the greatest disgust. Many would leave if they could, but, as they themselves say: "There ain't nothin' to do but stay an' have the chills and fever."

The Washington man was riding along the banks of the river that waters this section, and although he had gone some 20 miles or so he had not in all that distance noticed a single fisherman. Meeting a man lounging near the stream, he asked:

"Why doesn't someone fish in this river?"

"Ain't no fish," was the laconic response of the native.

"No fish in such a beautiful river as this!" exclaimed the astonished Washingtonian. "Why not?"

The native lazily shifted his position and answered:

"Stranger, if you could git outer this country as easy as a fish can, do you reckon you'd be here?"—Harper's Weekly.

Always at Hand.

Not a great many years ago a number of families in Charlestown, Mass., kept hens, and it was a common sight to see them foraging about on any street in the residential section.

One afternoon a group of small boys were playing "Grand Army" on Bunker Hill street. One boy was the commander, another the adjutant, and the other boy the comrades. As the lads moved up and down the street, the hens followed along, pecking away, a safe distance from the rear.

Suddenly one of the "comrades" commenced to cry. The game stopped and the commander asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?"

"I ain't going to play if those old hens keep tagging on behind us," sobbed Johnny?"

"Never mind," said the commander, "we'll play the hens are the Woman's Relief Corps, see!"

Mining in the Deep Blue Sea.

The search for the treasure of the Spanish Armada galleon Florencia is being proceeded with vigorously in Tobermory bay, Scotland, and the salvors have been encouraged by their finds. Part of the rigging of the sunken ship has already been found. Among other interesting relics brought up were two stone cannon balls, six and a half inches in diameter, one iron shot of about two inches in diameter and a blunderbuss with an inch bore. The divers have come across large quantities of wood in all directions and other unmistakable signs that they are close to the hull of the Florencia.

Brainy.

"Awfully bulging forehead, hash't he. Must be very brainy."

"Brainy! Why, that man can take up a problem in bridge and analyze it and give you his deductions, and then show you just how the cards should fall for six deals ahead. He's brainy, all right."

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.20, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.20, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.03 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55p . m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Westogue Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual increase 2,458,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st, 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4

10c Cigar

Thirty two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6 55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. E. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G.
LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.
With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale; also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, with Oliver W. Ham, 31 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9 05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., *6.45 a. m., ||10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights ||10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at **6.25 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11 19, a. m., 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, xx11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., xx5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only xx11.55 a. m., xx1.00 p. m., 2 40, 3.40, xx4.00, 4.32, 7.35, xx8 00, xx9.00 and xx10.00 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m., connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m. and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

||Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m. Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m.

Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m., trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratham only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have had in our other places, on the same business principles, viz.: High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices.

Call and inspect our stock. We are doing a little special prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY,
Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,
NO. 2 WATER STREET.

Three Faces

By GEORGE E. PICKETT

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE Verney mansion was abloom with flowers. Roses glowed in gold and silver vases in parlor and hall and vines trailed up the long stairways.

In an upper room the heiress to the magnificent mansion and the broad acres surrounding it, arrayed in bridal robe, was submitting to the final touches of skilful hands and listening to the chatter of her maids.

"I am her maid of honor," said the tall, dark girl who was arranging her veil. "She must give me her bouquet, else where are the privileges of my position?"

"That is not fair," replied a maiden, whose golden curls fell in riotous mass over the tiny slipper she was fitting to the foot of the bride. "You have highest place and will be the most observed and admired. She must throw her bouquet fairly and let chance select the fortunate one."

"If you do not go away now and give some attention to your own adornment you will not be ready to go down with me and there will be no fortunate one to receive my flowers. Had I known you were going to quarrel like this I would not have allowed you to send my dressing maid away so you might practice the art of costumery at my expense. Go off now, every one of you."

Putting them out and shutting the door, she came back to the center of the room and stood looking about her. She was taking leave of that room, the sanctum of her maiden life, and of all the beautiful things in it which had been her pride and joy in the happy days she had spent there. Tears came to her eyes as she thought that these days were going away from her forever. She would leave everything in the room just as it had always been and come back to it sometimes, but it would never be the same. It would belong only to her little episodes then; never again to her life.

She knelt and said a prayer for the happiness of that coming life—for its true happiness. Not that it might be free from the thorns that are the lot of all who tread well the path of life, but that two might walk hand in hand and bring a blessing each to the other that would heal every wound and light the darkness of the road until it should merge into the shining way. She remembered in her petition, too, the little life that was being given to her care, for Alan Warrington had once had a lovely young wife, who had died and left a little boy to comfort him for her loss.

She stood by the window and looked out at the rippling river in the distance and away over to the horizon, where the dreams of her childhood had taken form in the days gone by. She heard carriages driving up to the door. She could hear them bowl around the curve and turn into the drive. There the heavy, arching trees hid them from view. Some one came running down the winding road. She observed him idly, scarcely conscious of his presence. He came on up the pathway to the door.

How still the house was. The murmur of moving forms and light voices had suddenly been stilled. It was the hush of expectation, she thought. Alan would soon be there. It had been a disappointment to him that he could not have had one sweet hour with her to close the old life before they had entered on the new. He was stationed at a fort in the west with his regiment and weddings were not included in military duties; especially when there was an excitement on the border. So he was to arrive just before the hour set for the ceremony.

Something was coming down the road, moving slowly. As it came nearer she saw four men carrying a stretcher covered over with a dark cloth. Why was so gloomy a thing coming now?

After a long time her mother came in, all the light gone out of her face. Ginevra held out her hands.

"You need not tell me," she said in a voice softer than a whisper, yet more insistent than a thunder-tone. "Alan is dead and you have come to tell me. I will go to meet him. He cannot come to me."

She walked steadily out of the room and down the stairs, her white robe trailing in a silvery billow on the floor. Her mother followed and tried to detain her, but she broke away from the detaining arms. She crossed the vacant room at the foot of the stairs and opened the door opposite. On a couch within lay the still form and beside it stood her father, a physician and two of the guests. They stepped forward to intercept her, but fell back in awe of her stillness and the majestic air with which she waved them away. She stood upright and looked for an instant at the white face on the crimson cushion. She turned and walked with the same stately step and moveless face back to her room, the maid of honor following her, weeping and chafing her hands.

A cab came rapidly up the drive. A young man with arm in a sling hastily entered the hall.

"Alan!" exclaimed Mr. Verney. "Where—why—how did you come?"

"Did you think I should not come? I was near thinking so myself. If ever man was pardonable for being late at his own wedding I am. But I am here at last; rather damaged, but with life enough to be happy. It was a terrible wreck and I was fortunate in being one of the slightly hurt, but it kept me waiting until my arm was patched up."

"But who is—there is another man—I can't understand it at all. Some one was brought here because the hospital was full and it was hoped that his life would be saved if he had immediate care. He died as they carried him over the threshold and when we looked—it was your face."

Mr. Verney opened the little door and together they went in.

"It was as if I were looking at myself when life had gone. I wonder who he is. These accidental resemblances are very strange. I have never seen the man. Poor fellow! How sad that he should have come here to-day. Ginevra! I hope she has not seen. We will never tell her of what has happened. Let me go to her."

When Alan entered the room where the bride sat in her white robes she arose and bowed, graciously extending her hand.

"You are welcome," she said in a voice whose low music was sadder than sobs. "I await my bridegroom. When he comes he will give you welcome to our wedding feast."

"Sweetheart! Do you not know me?"

She drew back in offended dignity.

"It is not fitting that a stranger should call me by that name. You jest, sir. If you have come to do honor to our nuptials you should not speak light words."

She sank back into her chair, lifting her gaze upward and waiting with a smile of happy expectation on her lips. All the answer she gave to his entreaties was a gentle: "I await my bridegroom's coming."

The days and the weeks and the months went by and drifted into years and still the maiden waited for the lover whom her dazed mind could not recognize, though he watched over her with a tender care until hope was gone and he knew that his presence could never bring anything of pleasure to her heart. Then he went away.

The years passed on and the maiden waited in radiant expectation and time dimmed not the springtide bloom of her loveliness. She was ever the fair and loving child-woman, waiting for her bridal.

* * * * * *

Lieut. Alan Warrington had returned from the Philippines and was stationed at Fort Milford. Life at an inland fort, with its routine drills and dress parades, may be more comfortable than long hikes over tropical islands, but it leaves something to be desired in the way of variety. Lieut. Warrington found no outlet for his changeful tempers and roving tendencies except in long walks and rides about the country. Home-coming meant less to him than to most island exiles. He was the only child of his father, for whom he had been named. In his absence his father had died and there was no tie of kindred left to bind him to his country.

Sometimes in his walks he passed a knoll, sloping to the south, on which stood a large house built of cream-colored stone, contrasting vividly with the green of the line of trees beyond and the pale turquoise of the sky.

In passing he had seen a beautiful girl at the gate, always with an older woman at her side, who seemed to be less a companion than an attendant. He had noted the girl's waving amber hair and the brown of her great eyes and the fairness of her delicately pink cheeks.

One morning he was riding along the road thinking of the beautiful maiden and wondering who she was and why she looked out upon the world with such wandering, restless eyes. As he drew near the great house he saw her come alone down the garden path, glancing back now and then as if in fear that some one would steal upon her solitude. When she reached the gate she stood for a moment, looking longingly out. Then she raised the latch with a swift movement and ran out into the road. She lifted her arms high above her head and laughed in a clear musical tone.

As Alan watched her poised gracefully, swinging her arms like slender wind-swept boughs, he heard the sudden harsh jangle of bells. Down the road came two automobiles racing at their utmost speed. She did not hear them to hear the warning, though the foremost machine had almost leaped upon her.

Alan dashed forward, seized her by the arm and drew her from the track, the automobile touching her swaying garments as it flew by. She uttered a sharp cry and passed her hand over her eyes as if to push aside a veil. A look of terror came into her face and then gave way to an expression of dawning consciousness, as of one who wakes from a long sleep. She looked up and saw in the face of his son the Alan Warrington of her youth.

"I am so glad you have come, Alan. I new you would, but the waiting seemed an eternity. The train was late, they told me."

"Yes," he said, with a puzzled expression.

Then there came the memory of the old story he had heard long ago of the girl who had waited for his father through the years which had brought death to the faithful lover, but had left the maiden still the fair, loving bride, unconscious of and untouched by the passage of years. The love of the bridegroom of years agone leaped suddenly into the heart of his son and he seemed always to have known the deep eyes into which he looked and to have had no life till she came with a love for which his heart had waited through the years.

The moment of awakening had come and she met Alan Warrington as he had stood before her in the days that were to her as the present. The time between was as naught. It had left no mark on face or heart. She was still the bride who had waited through an eventful day for her first Alan Warrington.

To him, too, it was the realization of a beautiful dream as he lifted her hand to his lips and whispered in his heart:

"My Ginevra!"

Love's Awakening

By ALBERT J. KLINCK

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE two had long sat silent, the husband holding a folded newspaper, the wife toying with a costly fan. The light from the single lamp hardly penetrated to the corners of the large room, and the fire in the grate had burned so low that it was all but out.

"Yes," the wife said, "it is time a change took place. We cannot agree. There is no comfort for either of us here."

Constance Harcourt rose from her seat, cast the fan carelessly upon the table, took up a book that was lying there, and left the room.

Arthur Harcourt did not move until he heard footsteps in the room above; then he roused himself and thought over what his wife had said. His brow was furrowed at first, his breast heaved. Then he laughed. It really was such a huge joke. Constance going to leave him! Constance going to——. He laughed again. But his levity was suddenly cut short, for he heard a swish of skirts in the hallway, and a few hurried words spoken in an undertone. A moment later Chalmers, the butler, came into the room, placed upon the table a tray holding a bottle and a single glass, and was about to withdraw when Harcourt asked:

"To whom were you just speaking?"

"Mrs. Harcourt, sir," he replied.

"And what was the conversation about?"

"She asked me would I please carry some parcels for her," said Chalmers.

"Is she dressed for the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Mrs. Harcourt I desire to see her at once."

"Yes, sir," said Chalmers, leaving the room.

Arthur Harcourt was walking up and down when his wife entered. She came in noiselessly, and he was not aware of her presence until he heard her "Well?" in a high, clear voice.

"You are carrying this farce too far, Constance," he began.

"You forget," she said. "We have already gone beyond the bounds of farce. We have entered the realm of drama."

"Be careful that the end of it will not be tragedy," he said coldly. "Where are you going?"

"And if I refuse to answer your question?"

"Where are you going?" he asked again.

Constance said nothing.

"Are you going to your father?"

"Perhaps, and perhaps not."

"Say yes or no," Harcourt demanded.

"I shall do neither."

Arthur Harcourt stood still. For one awful moment his eyes were fiercely upon her. Then he stretched forth his hands to clutch at her white throat, but she quickly withdrew, closing the door behind her and locking it from the outside. Then she motioned to Chalmers, and led the way to an unused wing of the large house. Here she removed her gloves, hat and wraps, and turning up the lamp, addressed the bewildered butler:

"You are to tell no one of my presence here. When the opportunity presents itself bring my meals to me. In case cook questions you, tell her to mind what I have told her. She'll understand. Should my husband ask where you went with me, tell him I entered a cab at the corner, and dismissed you. You are positively not to tell him I am here. Do you understand, Chalmers?"

"Yes, Mrs. Harcourt, I understand," he replied.

For the next two or three days Arthur Harcourt was in a daze. He shunned his friends, acted queerly when at his business, and when evening came sat alone in the great room that had been the scene of his last interview with his wife. He could not read, he could not sleep. The memories of that evening clung to him like a leech. There were times when Chalmers felt extremely sorry for his master, especially when he found him sitting alone in the evening. And it was because he felt this way that he one night admitted Sam Truxton into Harcourt's presence. Chalmers had strict orders to state that his master was at home to no one. On this occasion, however, he saw fit to disobey, reasoning that a quiet little chat with a friend would be of great benefit to his master.

Upon entering the room Truxton started at sight of the dejected figure in the large armchair. Harcourt looked bad enough in the daytime, but at night, in the yellow glow of the lamp, he looked positively ghastly.

"This 'll never do, Arthur," Truxton began. "And I'm going to be frank with you. This story about your wife's being away is all bosh. She's here in the very city. She's—"

"Good God, Truxton," cried Harcourt, "where is she?"

"Then you don't know?"

"No."

"I suspected that from the first," said Truxton. "I knew it was that that worried you. And as a friend I feel it my duty to tell you what I heard last evening."

"What did you hear?" broke in Harcourt.

"That the veiled dancer at the Alcazar is Mrs. Harcourt," replied Truxton.

"The veiled—the Alcazar—" Then Harcourt put his hands to his temples. "She used to be a good dancer," he went on, as if to himself. "Yes, but the Alcazar—that of all places!"

"Come, Truxton," he said, "we must go to the Alcazar at once. I must get her out of that place as soon as possible. Come, Truxton come."

In a short time the two were seated in a box at the theatre.

When the great act finally came Harcourt leaned far out on the box railing, awaiting the dancer's appearance, which was heralded with a dreamy waltz by the orchestra and the sputtering of the calcium. Then a figure leaped lightly into the silvery patch of radiance. It was clothed in a spangled costume, long and of ample folds, while covering the whole there fell from the crown of the head yard upon yard of the thinnest illusion.

Now the swaying figure was like burning gold, now like shining silver. At the next moment it looked as if bathed in blood; then changed to fiery red. Next followed such a rapid succession of colors as seemed beyond man's ingenuity to produce. And finally total darkness prevailed. Distant thunder began to rumble, with faint flashes of lightning. Louder and louder it grew, brighter and brighter became the lightning, each time bringing into view the undulating figure of the dancer. Then came a blinding flash, followed by a deafening roar. The bespangled figure fell to the floor, writhing in apparent agony. A few ghastly contortions, the uplifting of a snowy arm and the dance was over.

Harcourt sat through it all, entranced. He seemed to have forgotten everything save the mystic, gyrating figure. The evolution from one stage to another of the dance enthralled him. Even when it was all over he remained sitting, his eyes staring at the stage curtain. But Truxton finally roused him, and once out on the street Harcourt turned to his friend and said:

"Jove, it was wonderful!"

They walked on. Truxton wondered at the other's silence, but said nothing. When they reached Harcourt's house Truxton noticed his friend turn suddenly round, and seizing him by the arm, cried out:

"My God, Truxton, I must go back! It was my wife. I had forgotten."

Truxton expostulated with him—tried to lead him up the steps into his home; but Harcourt was determined to go back to the theater, and Truxton, despairing of changing his mind, at last consented, and together they retraced their steps to the place of amusement. "To think that in the wonder of it all I should forget she was my wife!" Harcourt repeated again and again.

The dancer had left when they reached the theater. The manager was standing in the lobby, and Harcourt opened up a conversation with him. He was a gruff man, and in a few words told that the dancer would receive no one, nor would she condescend to accept written matter other than that relating to her vaudeville engagements.

After this Harcourt tried his best to secure an interview with the dancer. He went to the theater night after night, waiting at the stage entrance to see her come out.

One evening he came home, and taking a revolver from his pocket, laid it upon the table before him.

"You'll dance for the last time tonight, Nyguzo," he said half aloud. "Your agony will not be feigned. The lightning will strike in earnest tonight."

He put the weapon into his pocket, donned his hat and coat, and went out into the street.

As the door closed after him Chalmers, the butler, rushed up the stairs and along the hall to the rooms which Mrs. Harcourt had chosen to occupy. He rapped at the door. It was cautiously opened. A few moments' breathless conversation followed. Then Mrs. Harcourt cried out:

"Order the carriage, Chalmers, quick. Tell Marie to get ready with all speed. I must reach the Alcazar before—"

The door closed and Chalmers bounded through the passage.

Mrs. Harcourt succeeded in getting a box directly back of the one her husband occupied. There was but a thin silky curtain between them.

When the glittering figure appeared Mrs. Harcourt moved still closer to her husband, her eyes wild, her breath coming quickly. Her mind was centered upon reaching over and touching him—to speak a word that would tell him she was not there upon the stage, but in the box behind him, ready to forgive and forget. But she could not. The very knowledge of the impending tragedy turned her into a thing of stone.

The vivid flashes of mock lightning now began to light up the stage. The thunder was gradually becoming louder. The figure on the stage was twisting, swaying, gyrating.

The final great flash was about to illumine the stage. In the short interval of darkness Harcourt raised his revolver into place, pointing it at the spot where he knew the dancer to be.

"Arthur!"

The revolver fell from his grasp. He turned round, his face deathly, his eyes opened to their widest.

"Constance!" he cried softly. "Constance!"

When they reached the rear of the theater both looked back at the stage. In the dazzling light they saw a writhing figure, the uplifting of a snowy arm, then dense gloom.

Once more in the costly lighted drawing room Arthur Harcourt sat down and drew his wife to him.

"Constance," he said, "I did not know how dear you were to me until you had gone. Oh, how miserable I have been! I'll be different now, Constance. Forgive me."

"I forgive you, Arthur," she whispered.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

MARCH 8

SUN RISES	6:09	MOON RISES	02:00 A. M.
SUN SETS	5:41	FULL SEA	05 45 A. M. / 06:15 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	11 32		

New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.
Full Moon, March 29th, 2h. 44m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10h. 20m., morning, W

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Next week will be a busy one at Music Hall.

The small boy is preparing for the marble season.

The fire department ought to be in good shape now.

Maple sugar and syrup are likely to be late this year.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

It will be a treat to see Chauncey Olcott and to hear him sing.

It is evident that peace day this year will not pass unnoticed.

Portsmouth will figure prominently at the Jamestown exposition.

No celebration of St. Patrick's day in this city has yet been announced.

People in this city are discussing the Eddy case with great interest.

Still alarms have kept the crew of the combination chemical busy of late.

The Graffort Club deserves great credit for its suppart of the vacation school.

The route of the Ocean boulevard in Rye and New Castle will not be changed.

The Legislature has been attending strictly to its duty during the past two weeks.

It would be unsafe to predict that there will be no more big snow storms this year.

It is a good bet that Portsmouth will never take one of those state baseball league franchises.

In some places about the city, ferry boats have been needed for the accommodation of pedestrians.

Portsmouth should celebrate when the battleship New Hampshire comes here to receive the state's gift.

There have been numerous changes in the teaching staff of the Portsmouth schools durin gthe past year.

No better choice could have been made for a state building for reproduction at the Jamestown exposition than the Langdon mansion.

The people of Newfields and Stratham will hardly regret the taking over of the toll bridge between the two towns by the county.

NOTICE

The firm known as Hersey and Corcoran, hairdressing rooms, has, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership, Mr. Hersey having sold his interest to Mr. Corcoran. The shop has been remodelled and is now one of the finest and most up-to-date barber shops in the city. Mr. Corcoran has secured the services of Mr. Brooks of Pittsburg and Mr. Anderson of Boston, who are practical workmen. He wishes to thank the public for its generous patronage in the past and he will continue to give first class service.

P. D. CORCORAN.
Proprietor.

Room 26, Congress street.

DEAN GIVEN A PARDON

Benjamin F. Dean of Beerlin, serving a sentence of twenty-five years in state prison for the murder of his wife, was pardoned by the Governor and council on Thursday. Dean had served nine years of his sentence.

A LEMON PARTY

The T. P. Club, the latest social organization, met Thursday night and held a lemon party. The sour, yellow fruit was coming thick and fast.

PARK—WEBBER

Carroll A. Park and Miss Emma Webber, both of Lisbon Falls, Me., were married in this city on Thursday by Rev. George W. Farmer.

FROM 1812 TO 1907

Men Who Have Commanded Our Navy Yard

NOTED OFFICERS OF NAVY HAVE BEEN HERE

As a matter of considerable interest, The Herald presents today a list of the commandants of Portsmouth navy yard from 1812 up to the present time, with the naval ranks of the commandants at the various periods during which they held the office.

It will be seen that among the officers who have been in command here are several of the most famous of the American navy. Capt. Isaac Hull, who commanded the old frigate Constitution in the days when that ship gained her fame, Capt. Thomas McDonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, Commodore John C. Beaumont and Capt. Robert F. Bradford, gallant officers of a later period, all held the chief command at Portsmouth. It is interesting to note that a son of Commodore Beaumont, Capt. John C. Beaumont, U. S. M. C., was very recently stationed here and was married in this city last Fall.

Another noted officer was Commodore Montgomery Sicard. Still another is Rear Admiral Casper F. Goodrich, who before he came to Portsmouth was widely known as an efficient officer and who has become still more prominent in the navy since he left here.

The list is a remarkable one and we confidently look to Rear Admiral Bicknell to maintain for Portsmouth navy yard its high position and to aid materially in advancing it:

The complete list is as follows:
Capt. Isaac Hull, 1812.
Capt. Thomas Macdonough, 1815.
Capt. Charles Morris, 1818.
Capt. W. M. Crane, 1823.
Capt. C. G. Ridgeley, 1825.
Capt. J. O. Creighton, 1826.
Capt. J. D. Henley, 1828.
Capt. W. M. Crane, 1832.
Capt. J. D. Sloat, 1840.
Capt. George W. Storer, 1843.
Capt. Daniel Turner, 1846.
Capt. Thomas W. Wyman, 1849.
Capt. Joseph Smoot, 1852.
Capt. John C. Newton, 1855.
Capt. John Pope, 1857.
Commodore G. F. Pearson, 1860
Commodore Theodore Bailey, 1864.
Commodore Joseph Lanman, 1867.
Commodore Jonathan A. Winslow, 1869.
Commodore A. M. Pennock, 1870.
Commodore Jonathan C. Howell, 1872.
Commodore A. Bryson, 1874.
Capt. Earl English, 1876.
Capt. John Guest, 1877.
Commodore J. C. Beaumont, 1879.
Commodore Clark H. Wells, 1881.
Commodore P. C. Johnson, 1884.
Capt. Robert F. Bradford, 1887.
Commodore Joseph S. Skerrett, 1889.
Capt. Charles C. Carpenter, 1890.
Capt. Montgomery Sicard, 1894.
Commodore Montgomery Sicard, 1894.
Capt. Allen V. Reed, 1894.
Capt. George C. Remey, 1896.
Commodore George C. Remey, 1897.
Rear Admiral C. C. Carrenter, 1898.
Rear Admiral George C. Remey, 1898.
Rear Admiral B. J. Cromwell, 1900
Rear Admiral J. J. Read, 1901.
Capt. Casper F. Goodrich, 1903.
Rear Admiral C. F. Goodrich, 1904.
Capt. W. W. Mead, 1904.
Rear Admiral W. W. Mead, 1905.
Capt. G. A. Bicknell, 1907.
Rear Admiral G. A. Bicknell, 1907.

HAS NOT BEEN TRIED

Statement Regarding Albion Johnson Was Not True

The statement in an evening paper of Thursday, not The Herald, that Albion Johnson had received a sentence of twenty years n prison in Philadelphia is untrue.

Young Johnson has not only not been sentenced, but has never appeared in court, except for his preliminary hearing.

As a matter of fact, even if proven guilty of the charge against him, Johnson could not have been sentenced for twenty years, as the statutory limit for the offense with which he is charged is seven years.

A REMINISCENCE

A year ago Thursday, the attempt was made to release Gouin and Dick Spring, or John Doe, the Rockingham Junction bandits from the county gall on Penhallow street during the night. The next day came the sensational capture of Sheehan and Sullivan at Newburyport, who were charged with the offense but were released.

PIANO TUNING

That is right,

.... AT ....

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

MANY CHANGES

May Result From Adoption Of New Wage Schedule

It is rumored that the recent advance in wages granted the crews of the passenger department of the Boston and Maine railroad will lead to many changes.

Under the schedule, with an agreement reached between the railroad officials and the men, old employes will be offered the best trains and their pick of the runs.

The younger men will be forced to take what is left and some of them, who are now conductors, may be obliged to take positions as baggage masters or brakemen.

For some time, runs have been awarded to the railroad men by bid.

ORGAN RECITAL

To be Given on Saturday at the North Church

The following is the program of an organ recital to be given at the North Church on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock:

Sonata No. 8, Rheinberger
Fuge,
Intermezzo.
Scherzoso.
Passacaglia.
Aria, "O, God Have Mercy," (St. Paul) Mendelssohn
Allegro Con Grazia, Tschaikowsky
Piano and organ
Aria, Pro Peccatis, (Stabat Mater) Rossini
Berceuse, Delbruck
Alleiula, DuBois

Lyman Almy Perkins, organist; Mrs. Helen R. Thayer, pianist; Ira A. Newick, soloist.

The public is cordially invited to attend.

CAN'T FIND 'EM

Hood Says He Cannot Locate the Fast Boxers

Prof. Jesse Hood, Portsmouth's featherweight boxer, says that the sport is going to the bad in this city. He insists that there are none but long distance fighters and fireside boxers to be found here now.

"Jess" claims that he is faster than ever and during his cruise on the collier Hannibal he went up against some crack men. He made it a draw with the "Louisiana Kid" of the U. S. S. Louisiana, one of the fastest men in the navy, and made Peter Saria of the collier Marcellus, another star, quit in the fourth round.

The giant of the Des Moines was the only man who put Jess to the bad and he tossed the sponge in three lively rounds.

It seems too bad to let Jess get rusty for the want of a few rounds, after this record . Where are all the fast men?

FIRE IN BOSTON FREIGHT YARD

Boston, March 8—Large quantities of freight were damaged, principally by water, at a fire that gutted freight shed No. 6 of the Boston and Maine railroad company in this city early on Thursday. The fire started, it is believed, from an electric motor on the upper floor of the three-story brick structure and spread so quickly that three alarms were necessary. The flames spread through the upper floor of four sections, and the remainder of the structure was saved only by brick partitions and the quick work of the firemen. Hundreds of barrels of flour and other freight stored on the lower floors were soaked with water. The loss was estimated at $25,000.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The employes of the yard wore no smiles on Thursday when they read the navy department's distribution of battleships and cruisers to the different yards.

Four privates who went from here to Cuba last Fall with the first company of marines, came back to the post on Thursday.

Charles A. Gray of the general store force was taken suddenly ill with indigestion on Thursday afternoon and was removed to his home in Portsmouth.

The legislative committee on military affairs was at the yard today (Friday) looking over the reservation. Chairman John W. Caswell, Capt. C. B. Hoyt and Sergeant Bodwell showed them the sights. They were decidedly pleased with their trip.

Four motor driven lathes have arrived for the new steam engineering machine shop and are being put in place by Electrician Quinn.

The prisoners of the U. S. S. Southery are taking 250 tons of coal from the pocket for that ship.

Capt. Hennessey of the Myth expects record speed from his boat after he installs the new carbonator just received from England.

Seven sailors and one marine, prisoners for the Southery, were sent to the ship from the Norfolk yard today.

The crew of the rowboat "Yeast Cake" held a meeting in Trefethen's barn on Thursday night and entertained most royally the "Hot Air" Club. A warm contest was on for the election of men to sail the "Yeast Cake" and resulted as follows: Capt. C. Humphreys; Chief Quartermaster Charles Tucker; Stroke Oar, William R. Kelley; Bow Oar, Michael Hurley; Coxswain, Thomas Lynch. With this staff of officers and a crack crew at the oars, the rest of the South End fleet may well sit up and take notice.

PERSONALS

Thomas Kilroe passed Thursday in Boston.

William McCann has taken a position at the forge plant.

E. H. Jordan of Portland was a visitor here on Thursday.

Col. Michael Crowley of Boston was a visitor here today.

License Commissioner John Kivel of Dover passed Thursday in this city.

Charles Cimmerer, business manager of "The Isle of Spice," was here today.

Samuel Pottle, formerly employed in the shoe factory, has taken a position at the paper plant.

Mayor Wallace Hackett left today (Friday) for California and will return in about a month accompanied by his family, who have been passing the Winter in the West.

Mrs. Thomas Mulcahy of Portland, formerly of this city, left on Thursday for New York, accompanied by her son Vincent, who will enter St. Francis School in Brooklyn.

George Colson, section foreman on the Boston and Maine railroad, who recently lost a finger of his right hand, resulting in a severe case of blood poisoning, returned to his duties on Thursday.

DOWN AND OUT IN A ROUGH HOUSE

The Knickerbocker basketball team was up against Somersworth Thursday night at Somersworth and was defeated by a score of nineteen to fifteen. The Knickerbockers claim that they were not only beaten at the game, but that the husky Somersworth spectators maltreated some of the players from this city. Of course there are two sides to the story and we expect later to hear the Somersworth version.

FOR VACATION SCHOOL

Large Sum Reaped By Graffort Club Workers

An attendance fully as large as that of the first evening saw the second performance of "The Cricket on the Hearth" at Y. M. C. A. Hall last night.

Those taking the various parts gave an even more finished production than on Wednesday evening. Greater familiarity with their lines resulted in a smoother performance and the audience expressed enthusiastic approval.

As a result of the two presentations of "The Cricket on the Hearth," the Graffort Club has secured a sum which will aid materially in conducting the vacation school next Summer.

HORSES ALL RIGHT

Those Just Purchased Well Adapted to Their Work

The new fire horses for steamer, No. 3, cost $500. They are very active animals, weigh 2,600 pounds and seem well adapted to their new work.

In less than an hour after being put in their stalls, they made a good showing, coming out of the stalls and taking their places on the steamer ready to go out.

The horses which have been hauling the steamer will go back to the street department, where they belong.

ENTERTAINMENT AT SALVATION ARMY HALL

A special graphophone entertainment will be given by Capt. Fitzgerald at Salvation Army Hall, 4 Hanover street, on Saturday evening at eight o'clock. The entertainment will be free and all will be welcome.

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